

GayCommunityNews

February 15-21, 1987

\$1.00

VOL. 14, NO. 39

THE WEEKLY FOR LESBIANS AND GAY MALES

BIPAD: 65498

February Book Review



Steven McCauley,
author of
*The Object
of My Affection*

Long Time Passing:
Lives of Older Lesbians



Edited By
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GayCommunityNews

Vol. 14, No. 30

(617) 426-4469

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February 15-21, 1987

Iowa Gays Greet Duke

By Kim Westheiner

DES MOINES, IA — Armed with bona fide Boston-made pink-triangled foster equality signs, members of an Iowa gay group greeted Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis during his recent trip to test the possibility of a presidential bid.

Dukakis was met by the gay demonstrators outside of a governor's conference on agricultural issues held on February 5. According to John Schmaker of the Gay Coalition of Des Moines, when Dukakis embarked from his car to enter the meeting on the Drake University Campus, he walked directly into the four demonstrators. "He seemed a little nervous," said Schmaker. But he did say good morning as he quickly entered the building, Schmaker noted.

Dukakis has been attacked by lesbian and gay groups since he instituted a foster care policy in Massachusetts which virtually prohibits lesbians, gay men and single people from becoming foster parents.

"This is a good time to let him [Dukakis] know that this is a national issue," said Schmaker. "Iowa is one of the early political states [for presidential candidates] and we're willing to do whatever is necessary out here to make all the issues known in this contest."

While the presence of the Coalition was not noted by the press in Des Moines, Schmaker said they were interviewed by at least eight national media sources. One of the reporters from a Boston paper expressed surprise that there were gay people in Iowa. "We had to explain that..." said Schmaker.

Schmaker said the Coalition has been following Dukakis' stance on the foster care policy in the press and was planning to focus on the issue during the presidential primaries. The group decided to take immediate action receiving calls from lesbians and gay men in Boston, who sent them the signs for the demonstration.

In Boston, the Gay and Lesbian Defense Committee (GLDC) has played a leading role in organizing to defeat the state's foster care policy. Although there have been some rumors that GLDC members would fly out to various parts of the country to meet Dukakis on his rounds, this is not likely, according to Sarah Holmes of GLDC. Holmes said there is enough impetus for such actions by lesbians and gay men in other cities who are aware of Dukakis' position on foster care.

Will Hutchinson, the chair of the Boston Lesbian and Gay Political Alliance, said he could envision meeting Dukakis on the campaign trail to increase awareness of Dukakis' stand on lesbian and gay issues.

— filed from Boston

Harvard Kennedy School forum

Koop Defends Gov't AIDS Policies

By Gordon Gottlieb

CAMBRIDGE, MA — Surgeon General C. Everett Koop came to Harvard February 11 bearing his pro-condom, pro-AIDS education message, and was forced to defend the Reagan administration's handling of the AIDS crisis.

"If AIDS had first hit the U. S. Olympic Team [instead of gay men]," charged Loretta McLaughlin of the Boston *Globe*, "the President of the U. S. would have had a very different response. There would have been a great marshalling of medical forces and money." Instead, there has been an almost unbroken silence from Ronald Reagan and efforts to limit funding for research and services, McLaughlin said.

Koop and McLaughlin shared the billing at a Kennedy School of Government forum entitled "AIDS: An Agenda for Action." The forum was co-sponsored by caucuses representing gay/lesbian, Black, Latino, Asian and women students.

Koop presented the controversial recommendations of his October 1986 report on AIDS, which urged monogamous sexual relationships, but also supported safe sex practices, publicity about using condoms, and AIDS and sex education beginning at the elementary school level. (See *GCN*, Vol 14 No. 17) Acknowledging that his preference for monogamy "may sound like a morality lesson," Koop maintained that in this situation "morality and science walk hand in hand."

Given the difficulty in taking a "pro-sex" position in a conservative administration, one observer suggested that Koop's support for monogamy was part of a tricky ideological balancing act necessary to win right wing support. Earlier in the day, Koop had testified before Congress urging the broadcast industry to end its self-imposed ban on condom ads. Koop had made a similar pitch at the recent convention of religious broadcasters.

Although she acknowledged Koop's role in raising AIDS issues within the administration, McLaughlin criticized the limited



C. Everett Koop at Kennedy School forum

Koop's role in raising AIDS issues within the administration,

McLaughlin criticized the limited

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Gay Candidate Could Win Chicago Alderman Race

By Michael Botkin

CHICAGO — An openly gay progressive candidate for alderman here is given a good chance of defeating his Democratic machine opponent in a race marked by a

changing district, gay-baiting and political power struggles in the rough and tumble Chicago style. The election will be held February 28.

Ron Sable, a physician involved in Physicians for Social Responsibility, Vietnam Vets Against the War, and several Chicago gay/lesbian and AIDS groups, has amassed an impressive war chest, a well-organized campaign staff, and broad community support in his effort to defeat incumbent alderman Bernie Hansen of the 44th Ward.

The district is one of the most diverse in the city. An estimated 15-25 percent of the ward's residents are gay, according to local sources. Latinos represent about a fifth of the population, and Black and Asian residents constitute another six percent each. Additionally, senior citizens are heavily concentrated in the Lakefront area, and white blue-collar voters live along the ward's western edge.

Sable is expected to sweep the lesbian and gay community, and his long history as a progressive activist should give him an edge over Hansen with voters of color. Hansen is expected to retain his traditional support from elderly and white ethnic voters. The newest group of voters are young, white professionals who are mostly new to the ward. Their vote may be decisive. "I'm running as a progressive and independent candidate," says Ron Sable. "Hansen is associated with the machine, and there is some dissatisfaction with the service he has provided. My main issues are the economic development of, and the quality of life in the ward, and public safety in the largest sense."

Sable's independent stance has won him the endorsement of IVI (Independent Voters of Illinois), Chicago's archetypal independent political organization, ASFCME, NOW, Cook County Democratic Women, and others. Although the 44th Ward used to be known as an "independent" of the machine, it's unclear how much this remains true. "Labels mean less and less," said Hansen aide Mike Quigley. "Hansen is not an old-time ward-heeler, and this ward isn't incredibly liberal anymore."

Campaign activists have noted that gay-baiting has recently begun. Initially, Hansen avoided

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Official investigation turns up only minor snafus

The CDC: When Politics & Egos Hamper Saving Lives

By Elizabeth Pincus

ATLANTA — Recent investigations into alleged wrongdoings at the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) reveal an apparent

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labyrinth of deceit, competitiveness and a sluggish approach to fighting AIDS/ARC. The official report, however, which was released in December 1986 following an assessment conducted by the National Academy of Sciences' Institute of Medicine (IOM), paints a tame picture of minor foul-ups. The IOM suggests that tampering with scientific research, delaying the release of information, false authorship of reports and bitter staff infighting at the CDC are all vaguely inexplicable — and can be remedied by hiring more bosses and adding a few extra locks to laboratory doors.

The National Academy of Sciences is a non-governmental research agency set up by an act of Congress in 1863. The overwhelming majority of its funds come from contracts with government agencies, including the CDC.

As the AIDS death count spirals, one particularly Orwellian section of the IOM report attempts to measure the productivity of the CDC by counting the number of academic papers published in scientific journals. Such scholarship, while certainly of value, appears in some cases to take precedence over immediate action to stop the further spread of AIDS/ARC.

The probe at the CDC began last summer when the Miami *Herald*

reported suggestions of sabotaged AIDS experiments and the suppression of research into the possible anti-HIV properties of non-oxynol 9. The CDC conducted a speedy in-house investigation and announced in September 1986 that, though staff turnover was slightly high, this wasn't unusual and no internal misdeeds were in evidence. If anything, they asserted, efforts to increase productivity may have led to insignificant accidents.

Still, public confidence in the CDC continued to be shaken by allegations in the press, and U. S. Senator Lowell Weicker (R-Conn.), Chairperson of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee on Labor, Health and Human Services, grew concerned about the suspected inproprieties. He and James Mason, Director of the CDC, requested an independent investigation by the IOM. (See *GCN*, Vol 14 No. 16) For several months, a committee of three probed the CDC through direct observation, interviews with key personnel and study of documentation. The investigators were Doctors Julius Krevans, Chancellor of the University of California Medical School in San Francisco; Bernadine Healy, Chairperson of the Research Institute at the Cleveland Clinic Foundation; and Robert Berliner, Professor of physiology at the Yale Medical School.

Their resulting report does not deny serious morale problems at the CDC. The IOM suggests that a complicated organizational structure and oft-switching leadership may have induced staff feuding

and preoccupation with career advancement. Particular tension is documented among researchers in the AIDS Program Laboratory of the Center for Infectious Disease (CID), a branch of the CDC. For example, nearly half of the doctoral scientists within the program left during 1984-85 — some expressly due to frustration. The IOM cites poorly communicated goals and priorities as part of the problem, especially in the confused distinction between basic research, which aims for scientific knowledge, and applied research, which attempts to make practical use of this knowledge. The IOM summarized that early AIDS research at the CDC was productive "but tended to confirm rather than extend the current state of the art," and that present overall operations are "moderately productive."

The specific allegations of data suppression and tampering with experiments are dismissed by the IOM as small, unaccountable occurrences with little impact on AIDS research. Despite their admission that "the committee cannot rule out purposeful minor tampering," they write it off with a nebulous recommendation to remedy distrust and dislike among individual researchers. The IOM report also questions why it took over seven months to publish information concerning non-oxynol 9, but concludes nonetheless that "there was no suppression of data."

According to CDC information officer Betty Hooper, the CDC is

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quotes of the week

"The truth is, sometimes the politics of this place didn't matter to me. The people were so smart, so dumb, so tiresome, so lively and daring and quirky that it was a feast just being around them."

— *Gerald Hannon in his goodbye article in the last issue of The Body Politic, February, 1987. (See story this issue, p. 3)*

"I'm against the personal or collective use of arms in any circumstance because of reasons of conscience. I reject violence as a means for the solution of conflicts. This belief of mine is based upon my experience as [a] homosexual. In my life, I have often felt the reaction from people rejecting what they feel is different.... The consideration of diversity as a danger occurs both in the relationships between states and between persons.... I oppose the army because... this system threatens my own survival as a homosexual."

— *Fabio Saini, a 25-year-old citizen of Perugia, Italy, who has requested that his military conscription be replaced by alternative civil service. According to the International Lesbian and Gay Association Bulletin, this is the first known case where homosexuality has been used as an explanation of motives to avoid military service.*

stronger for pride '87

BOSTON — The Lesbian/Gay Pride Committee here has chosen a slogan for the 1987 march. "The harder we're hit, the stronger we get" was chosen from submissions by approximately 30 people.

The slogan is taken from a speech made at last year's Pride celebration by John Pascarelli, a gay activist who recently died from AIDS-related complications. (See GCN, Vol 14 No. 24) It is not certain whether the national pride slogan, "Proud, Strong, United," will be used in conjunction with the local one.

Boston's Lesbian and Gay Pride will be held on June 13, 1987.

The Boston Pride Committee will be sponsoring an open house for community members interested in participating in the planning for this year's event. The open house will be on February 26 at 34 Edgerly Road (rear entrance), Boston. For more information, call (617) 27-2113.

— *Kim Westheimer*

ins regs impede gay performers

WASHINGTON, DC — The Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) has developed new regulations which can be used to deny visas to lesbian and gay performers, reggae, jazz and international folk musicians. Already affected by the regulations are Ferron and Lucie Blue Tremblay, Canadian folksingers.

The new regulation restricts visas for entertainers to those who have "performed as a star or featured in a major production;... achieved national or international acclaim;... [achieved] extensive commercial successes, as evidenced by such indicia as box office grosses and record sales reported in trade journals and other publications;... [and] commanded and now commands as evidenced by contracts."

According to Derk Richardson of the *Bay Guardian*, "Under the guise of failing to discover distinguished merit and ability, immigration officials are able to harass musicians who also just happen to smoke ganja, hold leftist political views or be homosexual."

In the last few months, both Ferron and Tremblay have had to fight to cross the border to perform in the United States. Ferron, who had previously been approved for six visas was denied a seventh this fall. Tremblay was threatened with deportation from the U.S. by INS, who ruled her visa was not in order. Both women managed to reverse INS' rulings.

The new regulations could be a serious threat to the alternative music industry, according to Joanie Shoemaker, co-owner of Redwood records. Shoemaker told the Oakland *Tribune* that "our record sales are 80 percent depending on an act touring, because that's how their audience grows. We don't get a lot of commercial radio airplay, so the stage is where most people find out about the artist and our records." Redwood records, founded by Holly Near, distributes albums by Australian folk singer Judy Small; the Nicaraguan duo, Guardabarranco; and Inti-Illimani, a Chilean ensemble.

— *Kim Westheimer*

aids bias banned in austin

AUSTIN, TX — The Austin City Council unanimously approved an ordinance banning AIDS-related discrimination in December of 1986.

According to *The Calendar*, the ordinance prohibits discrimination in employment, housing or by public, business and medical services. It also makes mandatory HIV testing illegal. Persons with AIDS and ARC as well as people who are HIV positive are protected under the ordinance.

— *Kim Westheimer*

the sexuality of latinas

BERKELEY, CA — "The Sexuality of Latinas" will be the subject of Vol. IV, No. 2 of *Third Woman*, to be edited by Ana Castillo, Cherrie Moraga, and Norma Alarcon.

According to the *Lavendar Express* of New Jersey, manuscripts for the issue may address how family contexts, religious ideologies, community norms and political values interact in the format of sexual experience. The themes may be explored in narrative, theater, creative essays, journal entries, letters or testimonials revised for publication, criticism of literature and of the visual arts, and visual arts pieces.

Preference will be given to work that presents Latinas as subject of their own experience and discourse although exceptional work on Latinas as object will also be considered.

Manuscripts (25 pages maximum, three copies with self-addressed, stamped envelope) should be sent to *Third Woman*, c/o Chicano Studies, 3404 Dwinell Hall, University of California-Berkeley, Berkeley, CA 94720. The deadline is March 1, 1987. For more information call (415) 642-0240.

— *Kim Westheimer*

police files to 'protect the totally innocent'

MUNICH, West Germany — Police here have compiled extensive files on the city's gay residents. Officials justify the files' existence "because of the danger of AIDS, which is especially widespread among this group of persons."

For years, police here have denied that they keep such lists, reports the New York *Native*. But a commission set up to review compliance with federal privacy legislation recently confirmed their existence.

Information compiled includes the names of customers "caught" patronizing gay bookstores and sex shops; patrons identified in raids on gay bars and cruising areas; the names of people passing by and identified in the vicinity of gay bars at night; anybody whose papers have been checked in a public restroom or close to one, no matter what the reason; and known or admitted homosexuals, transvestites and call boys.

A high-ranking official responsible for municipal administration, Peter Gauweiler, stated in a letter which was leaked to the press, that "The purpose of the regulation is to prevent the epidemic from being spread to families and from affecting the totally innocent." A representative from Gauweiler's office recommended that HIV tests be given weekly to "homosexuals and male prostitutes who patronize certain establishments."

— *Kim Westheimer*

news notes compiled by stephanie poggi

Alliance Releases Bashing Stats

By Kim Westheimer

BOSTON — The Boston Lesbian and Gay Political Alliance held a press conference on February 5 to release statistics documenting anti-gay and -lesbian violence in Boston. The press conference was held outside the Boylston Street firehouse, the place of employment for three fire-fighters who have been accused of assaulting a gay man and two lesbians.

The Alliance's statistics are a compilation of figures obtained from the Fenway Community Health Center, which runs a program for lesbian and gay victims of crime; from gay Boston City Councilor David Scondras' office and from research on anti-lesbian and gay violence by Debbie Potter.

The Alliance statistics document 135 cases of violence. Of those cases:

- 33 percent had been verbally harassed and threatened with physical violence.
- 42 percent had been physically assaulted,
- 17 percent had been chased, followed or spit at,
- 4 percent had been verbally harassed or physically abused by police,
- 1 percent had been victims of vandalism,
- 1 percent had received

bomb threats, and
• 2 percent had been murdered.

"I'm not surprised at these numbers," Alliance Chair Will Hutchinson told GCN. "I think they're the tip of the iceberg." Hutchinson estimated that only twenty percent of all gay bashing cases are reported to the police.

According to figures of the Boston Police Community Disorders Unit (CDU), civil rights violations have decreased in 1986. These figures do not include attacks against lesbians and gay men. If the CDU were to take into account gay bashing, their numbers would double, said Hutchinson.

The Alliance is planning on working with the CDU, the attorney general's office, the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination and the Mayor's office to increase the reporting of anti-lesbian and gay crimes and to improve services for targets of such crimes.

"It's a two-way street," said Hutchinson. "The police have to be willing to make an effort to do documentation and the gay community has to have the guts to come forward. It's not easy."

CDC Investigation

Continued from page 1

very satisfied with the results of the IOM's investigation, which barely differs from their own in-house probe. Hooper attributed high staff turnover to the fact that some of the CDC workers were visiting scientists on contract, not full-time career employees of the government. Allegations that some staff members claimed false credit on written reports can be explained, says Hooper, through very specific policy guidelines and the fact that "people who review papers and are in the supervisory chair often have their name on a paper. This is not an uncommon practice."

In a formal statement released following the IOM investigation, CDC Director Mason stated, in part: "In no case was experimental work seriously disrupted, experimental results significantly delayed or significant resources lost."

But flak continues to surround the CDC, much of it involving James Curran, an epidemiologist who heads the AIDS Program within the CID. Some scientists allege that the "pro-family," anti-gay stance of the Reagan administration biases the work of the AIDS Laboratory. Epidemiologist Donald Francis, formerly a subordinate of Curran, was quoted in a *Wall Street Journal* article of 12/12/86 as saying: "Curran isn't homophobic, but he is certainly conscious of the administration's feelings and he wants to keep the CDC alive. The CDC was being sandwiched between a very bad disease and a policy coming from

above treating it with less aggressive action."

A more pointed assessment of the situation comes from biologist and gay rights activist Bruce Voeller. One of the original researchers into the possible HIV-inhibiting factors of non-oxynol 9, Voeller reports he met resistance when first approaching Curran for cooperation in late 1984. Voeller continued his study anyway with the help of Francis and other scientists; they sought to publish a report in February 1985 suggesting the possible value of non-oxynol 9 when used with condoms. Curran reportedly balked and blocked the release of this information until a truncated version appeared in December 1985 in a British medical journal, *The Lancet*. According to Voeller, after delaying the possible saving of lives, a further insult was the fact that Curran put his own name on the report.

As reported in the *Wall Street Journal* article, Voeller told the IOM that Curran "held up the spermicide paper because he was embarrassed at the success of the tests after having opposed them and because Curran was extremely careful to stay on the right side of the administration's sex-phobic marching orders."

Critics from both inside and outside the CDC blame numerous accounts of sabotaged research on clashing egos and political feuding. In one episode, not mentioned at all by the IOM investigators, virologist V. S. Kalyanaraman allegedly ordered the discarding of cultures of an

AIDS-related virus isolated by French scientists. Some claim he wanted to substitute his own culture to insure fuller credit for the CDC in the event of a breakthrough. Particularly bitter, rapid staff turnover followed this incident. Other reports of tampering include rearranged incubators, possible contamination from spit, the closing of necessary carbon dioxide valves and other mechanical disruptions. In addition, the work of AIDS Laboratory technician Donald Hicks — a study of the oldest extant AIDS-related virus collected from the blood samples in Zaire in 1976 — was reputedly stymied by uncooperating higher-ups and mysteriously vanishing records.

The IOM reports that the CDC has already begun administrative changes to redress mismanagement and shore up alleged slipshod practices. They are dividing the AIDS Program Laboratory into separate components — basic research and applied research — and have hired supervisory staff with clearer responsibilities. Still, the IOM investigation cautiously refrains from criticizing individuals or accounting for specific screw-ups.

Also unchallenged to date are purportedly hostile relations between some factions of the CDC and the National Institutes of Health, another government agency doing AIDS/ARC research. Critics feel that given tight funding and the horror of the AIDS/ARC crisis, this bureaucratic nonsense is inexcusable.

The Passing of Canada's *Body Politic*

By Elizabeth Pincus

TORONTO — Sadness swept the ranks of collective members, volunteers and supporters as the final issue of the Toronto-based *Body Politic* went to press this month. For 15 years, *BP* served as Canada's premier newsmagazine, offering provocative liberation politics and sophisticated coverage of the lesbian and gay community, both nationally and internationally. *BP* was among the few publications anywhere to attempt a forum for addressing issues of concern to both lesbians and gay men. It was also among the handful of lesbian/gay publications run collectively.

A combination of financial woes, staff burn-out and a changing political climate brought about the paper's abrupt demise. Collective members explained that *BP* was planning to fold anyway, in the near future. *BP*'s publishers, the Pink

needed more time to reflect and reconsider."

According to Bearchell, the public announcement of *BP*'s suspension was an impromptu decision made by one staff person, thus precluding any chance to regroup and consider alternatives. Anger about the abrupt decision came from some *BP* volunteers, contributors to the magazine who were not formally members of the collective. Since its inception, *BP* strove to include all members — paid and non-paid — in its operation. But allegedly, *BP* and the new tabloid *Xtra* were becoming increasingly controlled by just a few people.

"We've been heavily criticized for not turning to the community for help," says Hannon. "I suppose we might have, but everything was happening so quickly. We had no

that there were varying needs not being met."

Popert believes that *BP*'s circulation began to slip at least in part *because* of their growing timidity in offering confrontative coverage, not because of that coverage. "We attracted a readership that was interested in being provoked," he explained. "But at some point the collective turned against doing things that would disturb people. I strongly suspect it had to do with the anti-porn movement."

He cites a particular advertisement for a pornography video that raised ire in the community and was subsequently removed from *BP*. "We became more concerned about offending various political groups than we were about placing controversial opinions in front of people. There was a string of similar decisions. The result was obvious in the editorial content of the magazine."

Popert maintains, however, that with the exception of an allegedly racist ad that caused internal strife in 1985, any political turmoil at *BP* stemmed from community opinion and not from dissent within the collective.

Bébout agrees, as does Bearchell. "The collective had a relatively fair balance of women to men," she said, "considering that women are usually in the minority in the Canadian gay movement. And the kinds of women attracted to the *BP* were generally in agreement with its controversial stance on issues of pornography, inter-generational sex and so on. The paper's always had a high profile that way, and principles were generally agreed upon among us."

Nonetheless, Bearchell does regretfully acknowledge that new efforts to launch a mass market, national gay publication will likely entail a more unabashedly male, commercially-oriented product. She also notes that while *Xtra*, continuing as a bi-weekly Toronto tabloid, plays an important role in facilitating local communication, it doesn't match the breadth or sophistication of *BP*.

"I was attracted to the *Body Politic*," she says, "for the role it could play across the country and around the world. There are issues in the lesbian and gay community of a political nature, and culturally and socially as well, that require a broad exchange of ideas, particularly now given the situation with AIDS. Many people have said that they valued the *Body Politic* as a lifeline to their community."

Popert feels, however, that *BP*'s toney approach alienated some readers. "People thought the *Body Politic* was only for very educated, literate people. We'd known for a while that we wanted to do something to make it more accessible, less oriented towards books especially. To make a publication financially viable, we need a certain minimum circulation — we must be less intimidating to people."

Popert cites *Xtra* as a major accomplishment in attracting a large Toronto readership, and believes that its success may have kept Pink Triangle Press from folding altogether. He, Hannon and another paid staffer continue to publish *Xtra* with a little community input, a marked switch from earlier days of significant volunteer involvement. Popert in particular has been accused of rigidity; some volunteers claim he tends to push aside those who hold differing viewpoints.

"I've always been in favor of our collective form of running things," says Popert. "But I've also become aware of some of the short-comings. Particular to the *Body Politic*, we seemed to be dominated by this terrible culture of niceness which meant that criticism of inefficiency or incompetence was never permitted. You'd be viewed as some sort of uncultured clod, so crass as to question people's level of achievement. The consequences were inevitable, though it may have helped us survive over the years — we were never torn apart by petty dispute."

The *BP* collective continues to meet to discuss their circumstances, including the direction of *Xtra* and the ongoing struggle to resurface from debt. Most feel that re-establishing firm financial footing for Pink Triangle Press is the top priority, with plans for new publications on hold in the foreseeable future. Others however, from both in and outside the collective, are already assessing options for new publishing projects. The aforementioned national monthly gay glossy is in the planning stages, as well as a possible intellectual quarterly for lesbians and gays. And a group of women recently began meeting outside the auspices of Pink Triangle Press to discuss launching a national lesbian magazine. Bearchell is among them.

"The Body Politic was the creature of a particular historical moment, a moment when people were willing to kill themselves and work for peanuts and did it because it was their lives."

Triangle Press, planned to regroup and hopefully unleash several new lesbian and gay publications. But the drastic, hasty manner in which *BP* ceased to publish stirred criticism and disappointment both inside and outside the collective.

"Times changed and we didn't change fast enough," says Rick Bébout, a *BP* collective member since 1977. "The *Body Politic* was the creature of a particular historical moment, a moment when people were willing to kill themselves and work for peanuts and did it because it was their lives. Inevitably, new people came along and didn't view it in the same way. Certainly there was still a strong commitment, but the nature of the community and the political times has made it different.

"I don't think this is necessarily bad. But something new must develop with Pink Triangle Press, and we don't know what that is yet."

Another long-time collective member, Chris Bearchell, saw *BP* through the early years of struggle, a peak in popularity and recently a decline in the magazine's potency. "When it worked," she explained, "the *Body Politic* collective was a marvel. There was a spirit of common purpose and good fun that one seldom finds in a political organization. We began to lose that some time ago without any of us really noticing. Over a period of years, a lot of diversification and sheer increase in demands on time and labor took place at Pink Triangle Press; I don't think the structure had really adapted. The increased work load was very expensive, both to the economic base and in terms of morale."

Specifically, financial troubles began to plague *BP* several years ago. The monthly (circulation 7,000) operated as a worker-controlled collective consisting of seven paid staff, and about five to ten additional collective members and a community volunteer base of about 50 people. Wages were starvation-level low, and *BP* always just scraped by through sheer spunk and labor of love. Following a period of peak readership in the early 1980s, when *BP* rallied political mobilization in the face of Toronto bath-house raids, the magazine's resources began to trickle off. The collective chose to begin publishing a bi-weekly newspaper called *Xtra* for the Toronto lesbian/gay community, partly in an effort to expand their advertising base and help support the ongoing publication of *BP*. They also sank money and labor into a ten-year *BP* anthology entitled *Flaunting It*.

Their efforts to diversify appear to have backfired. Though *Xtra* enjoyed reasonable success with its format of light entertainment, reviews and goings-on in the local community, advertisers began to switch over and abandon *BP*. Hence, total revenue for both publications remained about the same as *BP*'s revenue alone and the additional workload further burdened an already overworked staff. By mid-1986, financial collapse was imminent.

"*Xtra* was supposed to make a significant contribution to Pink Triangle Press's finances," explained Gerald Hannon, the paid staffer responsible for *BP*'s financial matters. "But *Xtra* instead became a drain to our resources. *Xtra* was *not* extra." He laughed wryly. "You might say it was a contributing factor to *BP*'s folding. But mostly, the collapse of staff morale and energies was the immediate critical factor. Our problems just got compounded. There was high staff turnover, no supervision of labor and a sense that there was no hand at the helm to handle basic financial decisions and advertising sales."

In an effort to stem off this economic crisis, the collective accepted a proposal that was, as Bébout writes in the *BP*'s last issue, "for us, radically hierarchical." They decided to appoint Ken Popert, another long-time staffer, as interim publisher. Beginning in September 1986, Popert assumed major responsibility for trying to salvage *BP*. He asserts that the collective had always lacked the nerve to administer fiscal austerity and to force cutbacks or staff layoffs when necessary. By December, Popert announced that a repayment schedule on *BP*'s \$30,000 debt was progressing on target and that saving the paper was conceivable.

Still, staff tension and fatigue continued to increase, especially after two voluntary staff layoffs left only five paid workers in the collective. The resignation of two more burned-out staffers dealt the final blow. At a meeting in mid-December, the ten-person *BP* collective decided to suspend publication with the February 1987 issue, just a month after their 15th anniversary.

Says Bearchell, "There was a consensus at that collective meeting that it would be cruel to force the people who were left to continue, under the circumstances. The *BP* structure was not keeping pace with the demands we placed on ourselves. However, I feel quite strongly that the decision was a mistake. Not that there was an easy way out, but we

chance of replacing staff members rapidly or easily enough to keep everything going. There was no time for proper training, or to let people fit into their jobs."

"In terms of the decision to close," he added, "it wasn't a shaky decision made by a handful of people who didn't represent the will of the paper. It was the fully constituted collective."

Bébout concurs that the decision to fold *BP* could have been done in a better way, perhaps by calling more people together for discussion. "But," he says, "collective meetings were always open and when we tried to include more people the numbers dwindled away. Quite honestly, I think everyone knew that *BP* wouldn't rise again in exactly the same way."



The understanding that the *BP* was no longer viable as such reveals perhaps the true trouble behind the scenes — the fact that the paper was losing its appeal to readers and faced pressure to become a more mainstream, commercially viable paper. Such controversial shifts are evidenced elsewhere in the lesbian/gay movement as well as in other movements on the defensive against the Right. The liberation politics and rag-tag sense of urgency — some today would say naive — marking the days following Stonewall has evolved towards a more conservative, assimilationist climate. Most magazines are getting glossier, their contents tamer. Gay men continue to enjoy a disproportionately high standard of living compared to lesbians; hence most lesbian/gay publications are lopsidedly male-oriented in an effort to assure a strong advertising base. Only a handful of lesbian/gay publications take overtly feminist and anti-racist stances, and collective structures are nearly extinct. In addition, controversial subjects like inter-generational sex, public sex and pornography have fueled dissent and caus-

"When it worked, The Body Politic collective was a marvel. There was a sense of common purpose and good fun that one seldom finds in a political organization. We began to lose that some time ago without any of us really noticing."

ed splits among lesbian and gay activists.

The demise of *BP* comes at this particular juncture. Throughout the 1970s, *BP* was renowned for its unabashedly pro-sex, anti-censorship position, culminating in two particularly frank pieces: "Men Loving Boys Loving Men" and "Lust With a Very Proper Stranger." Passions were raised, the collective went to court on obscenity charges, and some lesbians felt alienated from *BP*'s content. Others, however, still found *BP* a place to hash out the complexities of the pornography issue. But in recent years, faced with both community censure and an overworked collective, staffers agree that the magazine was somehow becoming increasingly bland.

"I don't think any of us were really satisfied with the content of the last few year's issues," says Bearchell. "They were all put out under a great deal of pressure, without enough time for planning, evaluating or reflecting. We had grand plans to revise the whole operation of Pink Triangle Press. Clearly that suggests a general dissatisfaction, a sense

"We're operating on the premise that it will be a collective," she says. "At this point we have no money, but we have a lot of expertise and hope for a modest but broad-reaching product. The lesbian media can begin to address the relative under-development of our community. It's no panacea but it's worth consideration, and a major motivation for my involvement."

Other Canadian lesbian/gay publications may fill part of the gap left by *BP*'s closure, at least in metropolitan areas. Vancouver's *Angles* and Toronto's *Rites* are burgeoning efforts, and Montreal's *Sortie* is now going bilingual and expanding its circulation. Still, the brash, renegade appeal of *BP* was a rare commodity, both in Canada and elsewhere.

"The *Body Politic* was definitely unique," says Bearchell. "It had its roots in the '60s' underground and was very much a part of the growth and development of the gay movement in Canada. It won't be easily reproducible."

— filed from Nashville, TN

Community Voices

and we have no cats

Dear *GCN*:

You neglected to mention in your note at the end of my book review (January 18-24, 1987) that I am a Moon-Child and my lover's sign is Aquarius. And we have no cats.

Love,
Bradley Rose
San Francisco, CA

greek appeal!

Dear *GCN*,

A.K.O.E. (Greek Gay Liberation Movement) would like to announce to the International Gay Community the rejection by the President of Greece of the application for pardon made by Mr. Rousos, who is now condemned for life. Rousos was asking to alter his capital penalty to a penalty of 20 years imprisonment. Rousos' life is the real story behind the movie "Angel" and he was condemned to a life sentence during 1976 by the Admiral Court of Piraeus (which is not even a civil court) for the murder of his lover/exploiter who was forcing him to be a transvestite prostitute in Athens.

This was his fourth application for pardon. All have been voted and passed through the Ministry of Justice and then rejected by the President. Rousos is under treatment at the Tsanion Hospital of Piraeus where he is in a coma due to his over 60-day hunger strike.

A.K.O.E. accuses the Greek Presidency of racism in its ignoring of the facts of Rousos' case. These facts are: 1) his young age (19) at the time; 2) the improper exploitative behavior of his lover; 3) his diminished mental capacities during the period of the murder.

Also A.K.O.E. charges Greek society with homophobia in treating Rousos for what he is (gay) rather than for the facts of his case. In other cases involving similar acts the courts have acted much more leniently. We mention five example cases here: 1) the murder by two heterosexual men of the homosexual Mr. Nicolopoulos in which the two received 21 years in prison; 2) the strangulation of a minor at Patra and the perpetrator received 16 years in prison; 3) the murder of an older homosexual man by two straights who received sentences of 18 and 14 years respectively; 4) the stabbing of a homosexual Mr. Vortopoulos 40 times by two men leading to sentences of 16 and 14 years; 5) the stabbing 58 times of a homosexual soldier Mr. Chroni at Thessaloniki resulting in a sentence of 14 years.

A.K.O.E. would like to ask for your help by sending letters protesting this homophobia. Please write your Greek consulate and send a copy to the Greek President: Prime Minister's Office, 15 Vassilisis Sophias Ave., GR 106 74 Athens, Greece.

A.K.O.E. hopes for your support and the elimination of discrimination against homosexuals in our country.

Thank you,
A.K.O.E.
c/o Amphi Magazine
6A Zallogou St.
PO Box 2777 GR 100 22
Exarchia, Greece

"protection" as isolation

Dear *GCN*:

While I've been housed in the "protective" custody wing for almost 3 years I have tried to use my time wisely, despite the fact that I'm forced to live in a small room 24 hours a day in order to be free from sexual assaults. These threats never once came from a homosexual but rather heterosexuals in their flight to capture their manhood.

The prison officials accept this situation. It works for them to keep prisoners divided by keeping macho rapists and squads circulating. You can defend yourself and get more time or you can "protect" yourself with isolation. What would you do?

I am currently the plaintiff in 2 civil rights cases filed in June of '86. Here it is 1987 and nothing has happened. Lawsuits are fine if you have an attorney and cash. But if you're a simple (poor) man filing pro-se, forget it! Is "justice" just a rich man's game?

Sure it sounds like I'm bitter but the truth is the truth! Wake up brothers and sisters! Don't wait til you arrive in prison to discover the truth.

All replies welcome,
Kevin Walton
484491 — MB 931
1150 SW Allapattah Rd
Indiantown, FL 33456

grand heterologic

Dear *GCN*:

Ronald Reagan vetoes the Clean Water Act and when two men or two women make love it's called a "crime against nature."

Isn't heterologic grand?

Sincerely,
Ted Bohn
Stoneybrook, NY

claiming erotic territory

Dear *GCN*:

I am glad that *Desert Hearts* has made so many Lesbian hearts flower. Jan Houston's use of personal responses made her article a valuable contribution to Lesbian history as well as to film criticism. I understand the hunger for images that make us feel good, but what saddens me beyond words is that this hunger led the author of the article to use the following words: "*Desert Hearts* also takes a big step in obliterating the butch-femme stereotyping." The word obliterate is an explosive one, particularly when one realizes butches and femmes are women, women who perhaps make some Lesbians uncomfortable. You cannot obliterate the so-called roles, without obliterating the women who live them. I am one of these women, a woman who has loved women who look like truck drivers all her life. I do not claim my erotic territory at the expense of any other Lesbians but it seems it will be a life-long struggle to get parts of my own community to give me, and women like me, an equal dignity.

Sincerely,
Joan Nestle
New York, NY

GCN MOVE

We'll be moving this whole operation (typesetting machine, paperclips & all!) in the next few months and will need some labor power and some know-how (electrical, plumbing, carpentry, etc.) If you'd like to be on our list of people to call (to see whether you're available when we need your kind of help), please call GCN/Move 426-4469 or drop us a line. THANKS!

help this guy get a leg

Dear *GCN*:

I really hope that you'll print this letter, cause it's so out of line how the administration here at Kansas State Penitentiary deals with their responsibilities. They are responsible for supplying prisoners of all their medical needs and they constantly fall short of doing this in many cases. One in particular is (my neighbor) a 60 year old con who is confined to a wheelchair with no legs and has a lot of time to do inside the walls. He has complained many times to the authorities about not being able to attend chapel call outs, library or even the movies on Saturdays because of his medical situation. He does however have one wooden leg of his own and has been requesting the state to get him a second one. His request has constantly been denied.

This is illegal and wrong doing. If any organizations out there could help in any way with helping this guy get a leg, please write. There is a suit going in, but you know how the lawsuits go coming from a prison. They must get old, grow dusty and rusted before any action is taken. Even then it may still be a wasted effort.

Another problem is the chaplains here are now taking it upon themselves to remove certain prisoners from chapel call outs because of long hair, being gay, or for any other reason they want. It is a constitutional right to attend services.

Just the printing of this letter could be enough to straighten out some of this with some public attention and action.

Thank you,
Gary Bolton
43633
Box 2
Lansing, KS 66043

gay repeaters want a chance

Dear *GCN*:

As a prisoner this is the first time I've taken the opportunity to address the readers, although I've read *GCN* from cover to cover. Perhaps what I have to say will assist others who are seeking pre-release help.

I am a middle age black prisoner and have acquired a higher education while here. I have read quite a bit concerning "gay repeat offenders" and now more than ever with the rising AIDS hysteria, increasing violence against gays and women, the disintegration of the communities, discrimination in housing and employment, and prison problems with gays often being isolated from the rest of the population, I have observed that the majority of gays who return are the ones who were given the least amount of attention while here. Gays who went back into society to nothing and feeling that no one cared. I feel that lack of concern has to be the greatest hindrance to getting a fresh start. Friendship and trust can be psychologically rewarding and beneficial to the mental state of one leaving an institution.

Throughout the time I have been in prison I've gone through a lot myself both mentally and emotionally, not having anyone on the outside who would write me and allow me to share what I am, my thoughts. This situation remains the same now. I am eligible to meet the parole board in November 1987 and will need some help finding a job and housing. I hope to parole out of state.

Only those without loved ones in our situation can realize the despair and fear we must go through in trying to re-establish ourselves after being inside. I hope someone out there is interested in helping a prisoner start over. I would like that!

Thank you,
Michael Morgan
147-338
Box 57
Marion, OH 43302

GCN prints all letters to the editor except personal attacks. Carbon copies of letters sent elsewhere are only printed on a space-available basis. Letters should be TYPED and DOUBLESPOCED and limited to five typed pages. Send to Community Voices, GCN, 167 Tremont St., Boston, MA 02111.

GayCommunityNews

Cover Design/Ina Cohen
Back Cover Design/
Susan Yousem and
Amy Groves
Cover Photo/Carin Goldberg

Gay Community News is produced by a collective dedicated to providing coverage of events and news in the interest of gay and lesbian liberation. The collective consists of a paid staff of eleven, a general membership of volunteers, and a board of directors elected by the membership.

Opinions reflected in "editorials" represent the views of the paid staff collective. Signed letters and columns represent the views and opinions of the authors only. We encourage all readers to send us comments, criticism, and information, and to volunteer and become members.

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The paper is published weekly (except the last week of April, August and December), with a double issue the last week of June by the Bromfield Street Educational Foundation, Inc., a non-profit corporation.

Second-class postage paid at Boston, Mass. Annual subscription rate is \$33. ISSN: 0147-0728. Member New England Press Association, Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, COSMEP member.

GCN is included in the Alternative Press Index, published quarterly by the Alternative Press Center, Inc., Box 33109, Baltimore, MD 21218.

Volumes 1-13 of GCN are available on microfilm for \$33/volume. Write GCN/Microfilm for more information.

Postmaster: Send address changes to: Gay Community News, 167 Tremont St., 5th Fl., Boston, MA 02111.

the gay who never returned

Dear *GCN*:

(Note: The following is a true story, based on several incidents, as GCN staff and volunteers will all attest.)

to the tune of "The Man Who Never Returned"

Well, Brucie went down to 167 Tremont,

To help out for an hour or more.

He let himself in, but rather than climbing five flights,

He headed for the elevator.

He walked right past the sign saying,

"Bromfield Street Foundation,"

'Cause he knew it was just *GCN*.

When he pressed the elevator button nothing happened,

So he waited then he pushed it again.

CHORUS:

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned.

And his fate is still unlearned. (Poor old Brucie!)

He may climb forever up the stairs of Boston

He's the gay who never returned.

It was clear the elevator — once again — was going nowhere,

So he turned around and headed for the stairs.

With his pocket flashlight, Army knife and boyish good looks,

Brucie knew he had nothing to beware.

He stopped to rest on the second floor landing,

For the stairs above were black as night.

Then he took a deep breath and he plunged into the darkness —

From that moment Brucie vanished from sight!

CHORUS

Now all night long, Brucie wanders up the stairwell,

Crying, "What will become of me?"

How can I escape to meet my friends in the Fenway,

Or my sister, the dyke in J.P.?"

Now you *GCN* readers, don't you think it's a scandal,

What the staff and volunteers go through?

Make donations NOW! Help us get a in a new building!

We'll get Brucie off the stairs when we move!

Or else he'll never return. No, he'll never return.

And his fate is still unlearned. (Poor old Brucie!)

He may climb forever up the stairs of Boston.

He's the gay who never returned.

Jan R. Fielding
Revere, MA

Raymond Zadrozny

WASHINGTON, DC — Raymond Zadrozny, formerly of the Boston area, died here Monday, February 9, of AIDS. Ray is survived by his lover, Fred Tkaczuk, his parents, Yvette Dowling and Joseph Zadrozny, one brother and two sisters. A memorial service will be held for him at Leslie Chapel, Emmanuel Church, 15 Newbury Street, Boston, on February 21 at 9 p.m. All are welcome to attend.

Ray was a graduate of Boston University, from which he received a master's in counseling. After obtaining his degree he worked as a counselor for head injured patients at Lenox Hill Rehabilitation Hospital in Lynn. He also co-directed Operation Street Smarts, Inc., a drug and alcohol abuse prevention education program for elementary and high school students in Lynn.

Ray's own recovery program brought him more pride than anything else in his life — a pride that motivated him to help many others with substance abuse problems.

While in Washington, he was involved in efforts to gain more funding for AIDS research:



through media interviews and panel discussions, he brought attention to the need for government support for people with AIDS. In order to advance knowledge of effective treatment of the disease, he participated in new chemotherapy treatments to help people with AIDS with Kaposi's sarcoma. His strong desire to actively

participate in the treatment of his own illness to the end was inspiring to all who knew him. He will be missed by his friends and family.

All donations in his memory should go to Operation Street Smarts, Inc., c/o Sue Griffin, Lenox Hill Rehabilitation Hospital, 70 Granite St., Lynn, MA 01904.

Koop Blasted at Harvard

Continued from page 1

scope of Koop's recommendations, given the likelihood of an unprecedented national epidemic. McLaughlin — who is responsible for the frequent pro-AIDS funding editorials in the *Globe* — vigorously attacked a major failing of the report: "It doesn't mention money at all. If we are sincere about teaching children about AIDS, why wasn't there a great call for funds? Ronald Reagan proposed [only] \$100 million over last year in the presence of an approaching epidemic."

McLaughlin also bemoaned the leadership vacuum at the Cabinet level. "[Ex-Health and Human Services Secretary] Margaret Heckler, for all her faults, called AIDS a major crisis. [Former Public Health Service Director] Paul Brandt sought larger budgets but got no help and quit. . . . [Current HHS Secretary Otis] Bowen has been messing around with catastrophic health insurance. Where has he been? . . . And what has the president been told? How often is

he told? And what does he say when he's told?" she demanded.

While she expressed appreciation for much of their work, McLaughlin was also critical of the Centers for Disease Control, which, she said, deliberately tries to keep AIDS statistics misleadingly low by only reporting acute, lethal AIDS cases. The distinction between mild and severe manifestations — which is not delineated in other reportable diseases — has lost its medical value, and effectively disqualifies people with less severe cases from obtaining some medical and social services, McLaughlin explained.

While defending his role and the efforts of the Reagan administration, Koop tacitly acknowledged the limited impact he has had. He said his power is limited to "moral suasion and borrowed money," and likened his situation to a passenger on a runaway train, who is told to do anything he likes, only to find that the driver is hermetically sealed inside the engine.



Loretta McLaughlin at Kennedy School Forum

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Old Lesbians: The Forces Ranged against Us

Long Time Passing: Lives of Older Lesbians

Marcy Adelman, Ph.D., editor
Alyson Publications, Boston, 1986
\$7.95, 259 pp.

Reviewed by Cynthia Rich

At 54, I am an "older" lesbian, and this book catches me between celebration and fury. Celebration because we have here some of the miracle of lesbian life as told by women who have lived it throughout this century, and their reports from the front lines and the underground are often moving, riotous, gutsy, forthright. Celebration because these stories give the flavor of the diversity of our lives.

The fury comes at finding these stories reduced to "case histories" (which is literally how their editor has classified them with the Library of Congress); edited by a gerontologist in her early 40s who presents us with her expertise in the "field" before we even hear the voices of the wonderful dykes who wrote for it, and who finds it necessary to conclude with the voices of three other younger "experts."

The title of this book suggests that it should be a ground-breaking anthology. The history of anthologies in the feminist/lesbian community is that each one of them — *The Coming Out Stories*, *This Bridge Called My Back*, *Nice Jewish Girls*, *Cuentos*, and others — has heralded the beginning of a movement. Each anthology has been a presentation by a group developing its own identity and being empowered by that process. In the past five years, old lesbians have been working on their own empowerment, and that power has been growing in the direction of a political movement.

To have the first anthology to address lesbian aging diluted under the vague category of "older" (as if there were no difference between 50 and 80), to then find these essays collected as a gerontological study, packaged with explanations of osteoporosis and social services for the old, must be a shock to the lesbian community. Yet we need to look in some detail at how and why this has happened, for our failure to examine and criticize ageism has permitted this kind of disempowerment.

But first let's look at what's to celebrate. Here we gather in our diversity. We hear from military dykes, Black and white; we meet doctors, toilet inspectors, lawyers, nurses, athletes, housewives, factory workers, "the Sausalito dykes...[in] knee socks and a gold coin around [their] neck[s]" (p. 173). We have Pat Bond's (60) towering anger at the Army witchhunts and her tenderness towards the femmes and butches of her young womanhood. ("You couldn't make love to the butch. That wasn't done. All the femme dykes asked each other: 'Have you made love to your butch yet?' Because sooner or later they went down like sticks in the wind. 'How do you do it, how do you manage that?' So they figured out a way. Every femme in the world figured out a way." (p. 170)

We have Jeanne Adleman, "falling and rising" in love at 66, the wonderful clear-eyed honesty with which she chronicles the confusion of sudden passion, its joys and terrors, how two people thrown together by sexuality can jockey about as they try to build love across a thousand petty and less petty differences. We meet Frances Lorraine (64), raised to be an accomplished lady, who married to leave home and then found Ida, also properly married, in the apartment upstairs — "on the weekends when we couldn't be together, she would play Mario Lanza's 'Be My Love' at full volume till I could feel it through the floor boards" (p. 198). And Barbara Tymbios (85), a rabbi's daughter from Sumter, South Carolina, who

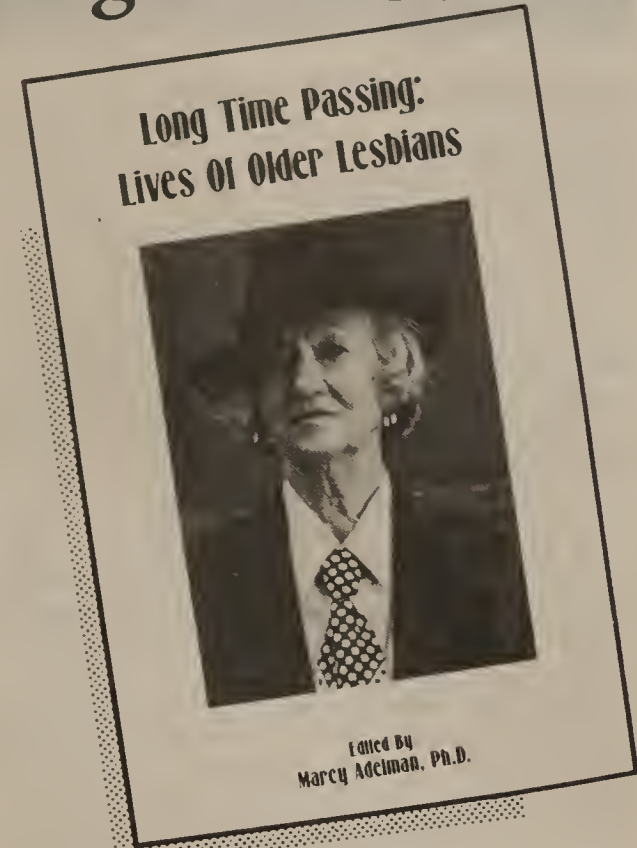
became part of Lorena Hickcock's political and erotic circle.

Some have enjoyed community, like Eileen (67), whose medical practice involved many gay clients, and whose gay support group gave her 24-hour care when her lover of 30 years was dying; some, like June Patterson (early 60s), spent many years in a "deep, dark closet"; and there is Marie P., who feels she clung too closely to her lovers, and now in her mid-60s discovers unexpected excitement in facing life's adventures alone. Some, like Alma Adams (75) or Barbara Tymbios (85), have had many loves; others, like Janny (62), one love of thirty-five years. Stereotypes begin to fall in the face of our varied lives.

This would be a gift to us all except that, from the book's jacket on, the power of these women's stories has been undermined. Their risky passions, the dying of a lover, reflections of their past and present lives, are all diminished by a context that patronizes and belittles them.

Why is the proud old lesbian on the cover — and all the book's contributors — undercut by a title like "Long Time Passing"? Why a photo on the back in which all the women's faces but one are censored out? We need to understand what it is that makes younger lesbians so ready to define the lives of older lesbians in terms of closets and roles (viewed condescendingly), rather than by the magnitude of the forces ranged against them, the power of these women's choices, their defiance, inventiveness, and sheer guts.

Here we have Edith (52), Sarah (44), Wilma (71), Roberta (68), Pat Bond (60s), who loved women enough to risk being thrown out of the Army; Alison (60), whose therapist told her she had a disease like alcoholism and would ruin her daughter's life; women of color, like Paula Gunn Allen (40s) or Alma Adams (75) or Edith and Sarah, who took on another count against them in loving women. Is the courage of a San Francisco dyke who in 1986 comes out to her boss greater than the courage of Rusty Brown (60s), who in 1946 cross-dressed to get a job, and went out for drinks after work as one of the guys? The editor herself acknowledges that most lesbians, any time, any place, "closer ourselves in some or all of our life settings" (p. 12) — few of us, however, see passing as the single most memorable thing about ourselves. That it is, to younger lesbians, the most significant thing about old lesbians should jolt us into remembering Barbara MacDonald's observation that, in both mainstream and lesbian society, "older women are



who younger women are better than."

Some of these women passed for a long time; some did not. The clear thread linking each of them is their refusal, one way or another, to accept life scripts. Edith (52) declares: "My whole life took on a different perspective when I finally admitted I loved Sarah and wanted to make a life with her. But I had to go against everything to do it. I had to go against the way I was raised as a Baptist, against my family, against everything I'd ever heard" (p. 175). *Against Everything I'd Ever Heard* would have been a less demeaning title for this book.

The ageist euphemism "older" in the title erodes the book's power in another way, and creates its usual confusions. Older than who? The editor? The reader? Normal women? It permits the editor to include essays by women from their mid-40s to their mid-80s. It also permits Eileen to say that, at 67, she doesn't yet have a perspective on being older.

Continued on Book Review page 8



This photo, from the Chicago World's Fair in the '30s, includes two contributors to *Long Time Passing* and appears on the back cover of the anthology. The women's eyes were covered at their request for anonymity.

Desperately Seeking Lila: Kerouac Goes LF



Girls, Visions, and Everything

Sara Schulman
The Seal Press, Seattle, 1986
\$8.95, 178 pp.

Reviewed by Patricia A. Roth

“If you write it down,” says Isabel Schwartz, the old friend of Lila Futuransky, Sara Schulman’s protagonist in this, her second novel, “you have material. That’s the best a girl can hope for in these troubled times.” As a lesbian/feminist writer myself, I couldn’t agree more.

This gentle yet piercing novel which rambles through a steamy New York City neighborhood summer the way 25-year-old Lila rambles through her life — with no apparent purpose, yet plenty of energy, surprise and adventure — felt constantly familiar to me. Although I’m over 40, came out at 30 and have never liked New York City, I have lived in a small dyke community kept alive and kicking through the continual efforts of its members to create occasions: poetry readings, theater groups, brunches, dances, camping weekends, birthday parties.

And so do Lila and her buddies, the girls down at The Kitsch-Inn, The Pyramid Club, over at the gelatti store, up on the roof, or out in the victory garden, never miss an opportunity to celebrate the moments of their lives. The Kitsch-Inn, a dilapidated clubhouse, produces an all-lesbian “Streetcar Named Desire”; everybody’s writing slogans (“second nature to urban dykes”); and The Worst Performance Festival, cooked up by Muriel Kay Starr and designed to help everybody to understand the aesthetics of the worst performances they can imagine, breaks new ground.

Although most of these lesbians are in their mid-twenties and the book’s set in the summer before Reagan’s re-election, I don’t see *Girls, Visions, and Everything* as a fictional representation of a certain generation. Rather, it supports my long-held theory that lesbianism is not about anything at all as much as pre-pubescent female energy on the loose. Lila and her buddies — and my old friends in the small-city, tight community where I used to live — remind me of me and my girlfriends back in sixth grade, doing chemistry experiments in my bathroom, or collecting nature specimens in the woods, before we had to become Heterosexual and start staying home to roll our hair.

Another source of life amongst lesbians, which we all know well and which Schulman captures with just the right mixture of absurdist humor (how else can we really look at ourselves?) and feeling depth, is that of sexual intrigue. Lila falls hard for several girls; makes a fool of herself more than once and has to ponder the great questions of “lesbian etiquette,” like “how intimate are you really with the girlfriend of someone you once tried to pick up?”

Lila has no trouble with the thornier problems some of us have bit the dust on, like monogamy. When asked if Emily, her new love, knows about her ongoing sexual connection with Muriel, Lila replies, “But that’s not romance. That’s just how Muriel and I are friends.”

Emily’s been raped twice, and Schulman gives us a sense of how the bond between her and Lila becomes an important part of her recovery. Although horrors like those Emily survived are presented matter-of-factly, as everyday as coffee and doughnuts, so is the healing women can and do offer each other.

In an era of lesbian genre fiction (the s/f-fantasy novel or the detective or mystery story, like Schulman’s first novel, *The Sophie Horowitz Story*, Naiad Press, 1984), one of the strengths of this new novel is that it defies categorization just as Lila herself, who’s always felt like an outlaw, manages to do. With her “half queer, half punk” hairstyle, her battered copy of Kerouac’s *On the Road*, she’s a kind of a Madonna of dykedom. Ultimately, the novel’s form is that of the picaresque, a relatively plotless adventure tale in which a young male explores the world. This literary form rarely, if ever, has a female protagonist. *Rubyfruit Jingle*’s the only other one I know of that comes close. And this brings me to another one of my famous theories (I know the girls down at The Kitsch-Inn would welcome me with open arms), that lesbian literature has a purpose and serves a function far beyond documenting our own lives just for us: no other forms can adequately represent the ancient reality of women at full power. This is why Alice Walker *had* to write *The Color Purple* as she did; and why, as a recent insultingly misogynistic, racist, and homophobic piece about Walker in the *New York Review* (January 29, 1987) by Darryl Pinckney proves, such power continues

Continued on Book Review page 7



Sarah Schulman

Internal Imperatives of a Charming Addict

Good Enough to Eat

Leslea Newman
Firebrand Books, Ithaca, 1986
\$8.95, 269 pp.

Reviewed by Maida Tilchen

I have no doubt that Leslea Newman’s first novel, *Good Enough to Eat*, will be a tremendous success among lesbians, especially those familiar with the Boston area, where the book is set. I enjoyed the book so thoroughly that any critical thoughts feel like nit-picking. This is a work that is to be prized as much for its well-constructed, witty writing as for its timely, necessary content.

One of the major plot twists was a delightful surprise to me, so I don’t want to say too much and give it away. Perhaps it will be tempting enough to say that this book is about Liza, a 25-year-old, Jewish, middle-class woman who works in a child care center but hopes to be a writer. She lives near Harvard Square with a gay man who is her best friend and confidant. Liza is obsessed with food and body size, and disillusioned with heterosexuality. When she goes on a straight date, her only interest is in what her companion is eating. The book has two major themes, one of which is her sexual coming-out story, and the other is her addiction to food and how she deals with that. The two themes are cleverly intertwined, and the conclusion is hopeful.

Happy endings are a staple in post-feminist lesbian novels, but what makes Newman’s book so good is the kind of resolution she offers. In the past, the “coming out” character would either find true love and live happily ever after, or else she would go through a series of lovers and end up sadder-but-wiser. In *Good Enough to Eat*, love and sex are factors, but are not presented as the solution to, or destiny of, a woman’s life. Liza finds a lesbian to love, but the author stresses even more that she gets redirected towards solving her personal problems. The book exhibits awareness of what lesbians have learned in the past two decades: that love does not conquer all. It suggests that the answer does not lie in a specific romance, but in the opportunities and resources of the lesbian community and in the experience and wisdom of its members. I feel very gratified that this theme would appear in a 1986 novel, at a time when our visions of lesbian community seem to be changing from a tribal consciousness to the much more isolating dream of home ownership and job security.

Today’s lesbian feminists are portrayed in a character

who has renamed herself “Anemone,” and who is a satirical prototype. It has been fashionable in recent years for lesbian writers to satirize politically correct styles, and too often this technique has been used meanly, in a “blaming the victim” mode. Newman has a good time poking fun, but she also presents Anemone as a loving, self-collected and worthwhile role model for Liza. *Good Enough to Eat* achieves a good balance of exaggerating our pretensions while promoting and respecting our aspirations.

In addition to its presentation of lesbian life, this book covers other major themes, especially Liza’s Jewish heritage, her friendship with a gay man, and her obsession with food. As a Jewish lesbian who treasures friendships with gay men, I identified a lot and felt very validated. This is primarily a lesbian novel but I think it will be of interest to gay men who value friendships with women, and to straight Jews who will find here a significant presentation of a young Jewish woman’s view of life. There are a lot of Jewish “in” jokes which may leave non-Jews feeling left out, but because the book covers so many themes, they will probably find many other aspects with which to identify. In terms of the food addiction theme, Newman avoids the ponderous and clinical tone of so many recent books and movies on this topic. Liza is sympathetic because she is charming, rather than pathetic as an addict. And while the topic is presented through humor and exaggeration, Newman is never condescending about eating disorders and body size. Her consistent message is that people need to accept themselves.

I can’t help but compare *Good Enough to Eat* to another novel set in Cambridge, Marge Piercy’s *Small Changes*. Both books begin with a character who is overwhelmed by heterosexuality but who takes seemingly insignificant actions that gradually lead her to lesbians and a whole new way to think about herself and live her life. Piercy’s book, published in 1974, ends with the sense of lesbianism as a risky haven from an oppressive society. Newman, who is young enough to be Piercy’s daughter, ignores the external political world and focuses on the enemy within, the fears and self-hate that have limited Liza’s life. Each book reflects its times, and the contrast between the two is a good picture of how lesbian consciousness has evolved. Perhaps the next generation will find a way to blend the external and internal imperatives; in the meantime, Leslea Newman’s *Good Enough to Eat* is a very affirmative book about what the lesbian coming out in the ’80s may find.

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A Sobering History from Weimar to the Ovens



The Pink Triangle: The Nazi War against Homosexuals

Richard Plant

A New Republic Book, Henry Holt & Co.,
New York, 1986
\$19.95, 257 pp.

Reviewed by Denis M. Sweet

After a public reading from her great novel of growing up in the Nazi period, Christa Wolf reports (in *Patterns of Childhood*, Farrar, Straus and Giroux) how a woman from the audience complained that these things were so far away. "For me, that time is the tertiary," was the way she put it. ("The tertiary," Wolf pursues the remark, was "a geological era at whose end the contours of land masses and oceans are already similar to those of the present . . . Except that man is still absent." The point here is that, try as one might, the Nazi period does not belong to some far-off age, but to our own time. The woman who had made the remark about the tertiary was herself hounded in nightmares by scenes and characters reminiscent of concentration camps.

The personal desire to forget is one thing, if practiced by historians it debilitates history. Richard Plant begins his study of the persecution of homosexuals in Hitler's Third Reich with a sobering survey of what historians writing in English have brought to light on this subject. It is a survey of lacunae, a cavity. They have avoided the topic. Not that information was not available, the neglect afforded homosexuals who lived in Nazi Germany simply mirrors a more general disinterest. It was not until memoirs like Heinz Heger's *The Men with the Pink Triangle* appeared in 1972, that the subject was taken up. In the later '70s literary works like Martin Sherman's *Bent* (1979) successfully focussed attention on a little-known side of Nazi persecution. But the dispassion or, rather, compassion manifest in this play is negated by other works that take a more sensationalist approach. Visconti's film *The Damned* (1969), for one, features a number of senior storm troopers in drag, thus popularizing the image of a homosexual Nazi elite. This notion is taken up by Frank Rector in his confused study, *The Nazi Extermination of Homosexuals* (1981).

The state of awareness, in English at any rate, seems marked by a lack of concern among historians on the one hand, and a sensationalism on the other that posits Nazis as homosexuals — thus offering a means to explain their crimes as those of homosexual perverts. Such a state of affairs is intolerable. Plant's study, a dispassionate account of the persecution of homosexuals in the Third Reich, is all the more welcome since it fills a great gap.

The Pink Triangle is a work written with clarity, grace and conviction. Its narrative encompasses a broader overview than simply a narrative of the persecution itself, the mechanics of Nazi police actions, so to speak. Plant's attempt to lay bare the specific ideological underpinnings of Nazi persecution of homosexuals — part of a larger war against "contragenics," pursued with its own specific ferocity — must be lauded. One cannot adequately understand the significance of the pink triangle, that emblem of bureaucratically organized persecution and mass death, simply by references to the homophobia that has pervaded modern Western civilization. Homophobia has been an effective tool in regulating eros, and thus has contributed to certain forms of social domination. It is an agent of social hegemony *par excellence*. Yet homophobia alone does not explain gas chambers and orders from the Gestapo to the army to step up their vigilance and arrest more homosexuals even after Germany was clearly losing the war. By then the Nazi courts had decided that no actual act need be committed; a lewd glance from one man to another was sufficient grounds for prosecution.

All this takes on an even more sinister and irrational air when set against the backdrop of the Weimar Republic, which preceded the Nazis and the

attempts then to liberalize or repeal the law prohibiting sex between males (Paragraph 175 of the German criminal code). Lesbian acts were never affected by German law — not even during the Nazi period when Paragraph 175 was broadened and punishment made more severe. The Weimar period was marked by a broad coalition pushing toward reform of laws governing sexuality. Three of the main actors on this stage were the head of the Social Democratic Party, August Bebel, who had spoken on the floor of the Reichstag repeatedly in favor of abolishing Paragraph 175; Helen Stoecker, a principal figure in the women's emancipation movement and guiding light of a women's organization advocating choice; and Magnus Hirschfeld. Hirschfeld was a physician, Jew, homosexual, indefatigable organizer of international congresses, prolific writer, founder of the Scientific Humanitarian Committee and of an institute to research sexology. These three can be taken to typify some of the currents at work before the Nazis came to power in 1933. As early as 1898 Hirschfeld had begun to circulate a petition calling for the abolition of Paragraph 175 and he succeeded in garnering the signatures of a great number of prominent personalities. Officially, both the Communists and Social Democrats advocated the law's abolition and supported Hirschfeld's petition. But both were also not above anti-homosexual caricatures when it suited their political purposes. The proposal to abolish Paragraph 175 was in committee and likely would have passed the full legislature had Weimar continued. The Nazi rise to power, however, eliminated all hope.

What ensued under their reign had been presaged as early as 1928 by the Nazi's answer to a query regarding Paragraph 175 that had been sent to all the political parties. Since their answer is highly revealing and sets the tone for what was to come, I will quote it here in full. Make no mistake, the Nazis never hid their intentions.

It is not necessary that you and I live, but it is necessary that the German people live. And it can only live if it can fight, for life means fighting. And it can only fight if it maintains its masculinity. It can only maintain its masculinity if it exercises discipline, especially in matters of love. Free love and deviance are undisciplined. Therefore, we reject you, as we reject anything that hurts our nation.

Anyone who thinks of homosexual love is our enemy. We reject anything which emasculates our people and makes it a plaything for our enemies, for we know that life is a fight, and it is madness to think that men will ever embrace fraternally. Natural history teaches us the opposite. Might makes right. The strong will always win over the weak. Let us see to it that we once again become the strong! But this we can achieve only in one way — the German people must once again learn how to exercise discipline. We therefore reject any form of lewdness, especially homosexuality, because it robs us of our last chance to free our people from the bondage which enslaves it. (p.50)

This ideology, under the guise of a kind of biological patriotism, simply has no room for homosexuals. Premises concerning liberty, equality, and universal human brotherhood, no longer have validity; they have been replaced by notions borrowed directly from the natural and life sciences. The talk here is of natural laws, which the Nazis claim are inevitable. Science, in other words. That "masculinity" is an ideological construct, a concept designed for purposes

of social domination, is an analysis that might have enabled more German homosexuals to read the writing on the wall. Can it be that German gays thought they had a protector in brownshirts (SA) Chief of Staff, Ernst Roehm? Roehm, a kind of swashbuckling World War I hero, brought the young Hitler into the movement in 1919. A few years later, at the age of 35, he discovered his homosexuality — with a vengeance. Of course this made Roehm, and his brownshirts, a handy target for political satire and caricature. Was it from him that one sought protection? Roehm's tenure lasted as long as his usefulness. He and other high-ranking SA officials were assassinated on June 28, 1934. But Hitler, in explaining why these clearly political assassinations had been necessary, charged that Roehm and his lieutenants were planning to overthrow the government — which was false — and that they were homosexual perverts from which the SA had to be cleansed.

Sexual denunciation for the purposes of political aggrandizement thus came to full ascendancy in the Third Reich. It proved a useful device, and became so endeared to the Nazis that they used it later to rid themselves of the very people who had pressed for Roehm's removal. "But the real meaning of the Roehm affair escaped even seasoned observers," notes Plant, "namely, that under Hitler wholesale murder had become a permissible principle of state."

The new Nazi laws stringently regulating male homosexual conduct were cynically promulgated on June 28, 1935 — the first anniversary of the Roehm purge — and shortly before the anti-Jewish laws were announced in Nuremberg. Gay bars had been raided by the SA beginning with the very first year Hitler had come to power, but now the strong-arm tactics of the earlier years became replaced by a finely tuned police apparatus managed by the SS and the Gestapo, and presided over by Heinrich Himmler.

Indeed, Plant argues effectively that not only did Himmler hold the administrative reins of the police and concentration camp authorities, he was also the source of the ruthless homophobia that characterized his reign. Long before the Wannsee conference had decided on the "final solution" to the "Jewish question," Himmler had decided on the proper solution for the "propagation blanks" and "sociosexual propagation misfits" that homosexuals represented to him: the concentration camp. There can be no question to the unrelenting and mortal hatred he harbored. Felix Kersten, his Finnish doctor, who once had tried to argue homosexuality was a medical problem, recorded Himmler's outraged response: "We must exterminate these people root and branch . . . We can't permit such a danger to the country; the homosexual must be entirely eliminated."

Thus homosexuals were among the first inmates in the new concentration camps constructed at Oranienburg and Dachau. They could play no role in the extravagant Nordic breeding plans that Himmler envisaged for Europe under the New Order, and so, quite literally, they were to be replaced. Just as Dr. Frankenstein envisaged not a monster, but a model for future humanity made up of the most beautiful body parts culled by selection, so too did Himmler pursue plans that he thought would lead to a kind of millenium peopled by beautiful "Aryans." This kind of thinking espouses to be science. As did the later medical experiments on gay and other detainees in the

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BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK
GAY COMMUNITY NEWS GAY COMMUNITY NEWS GAY COMMUNITY NEWS GAY COMMUNITY NEWS
SHORTS SHORTS SHORTS SHORTS

Gay Life: Leisure, Love, and
Living for the Contemporary
Gay Male

Eric E. Rofes, editor
A Dolphin Book/Doubleday & Company,
Garden City, 1986
\$12.95 paper, 305 pp.

What's happened to me? mused the Promiscuous Reader as he thankfully closed his review copy of *Gay Life*. Have I gotten jaded? Maybe I came out too long ago. Maybe it's because I live out here in the Midwest, instead of New York or San Francisco. Or is it the Eighties? Have I got the Eighties? (He examined himself bleakly in the bathroom mirror.) Whatever the cause, something is very much the matter with *Gay Life*. Eric Rofes has turned out two good books on his own — *I Thought People Like That Killed Themselves* (Grey Fox, 1983), on suicide among gay people, and *Socrates, Plato, and Guys Like Me* (Alyson, 1985), on his experiences as a gay teacher — and three fine books as an editor working with his grade school students, most recently *The Kids Book about Death and Dying* (Little, Brown, 1985). I liked his politics, he writes well, and (on the evidence of the work his students did under his supervision) he's a good teacher. So I approached his first gay-related book for a mainstream publisher, a book intended "as a source of information and thoughtful analysis for gay men who are seeking to explore various aspects of their lives" (p. 5) with favorable expectations and high hopes.

I was badly disappointed. Oh, there are some good things here: the pieces by Mike Helquist (safe sex), Philip Pannell (physical abuse between gay men), Charles Henry Fuller (inter-racial relationships), John Preston (long-distance relationships), Joseph R. DeMarco (friendship networks), Dick Harrison (rural living), Michael Bronski (gay films), Mark A. Perigard (heterosexual roommates), and Armistead Maupin (general moral uplift) give what Eric promises: information and thoughtful analysis, with insight and humor. Some of the other pieces are adequate, though it's sad to find some good writers working below the top of their form (Samuel Steward, Donald Vining). But quite a few pieces are downright dire: I won't listen to *them*, but I was especially disappointed by Thomas J. Ho's "The Gay Tao." I've been interested in Taoism for many years, so I turned to Ho's article almost immediately. It turned out to be a batch of clichés, typical of the way Eastern religion is packaged for Westerners. The trouble isn't so much that English is (to judge by his style) Ho's second language, as that he has nothing very much to say. The piece should never have been accepted for publication, and that's the editor's fault. A more serious lapse is Brian McNaught's "Fighting Our Sexism," which deserves to be singled out for its patronizing attitude to feminism — better to have had nothing on the subject at all.

I don't want to be nasty, but two things about

his book cry out for nastiness. One is beyond the editor's control: its price. Even by today's standards, \$12.95 is steep for a trade paperback of this size. The other is more serious: the almost wilful triviality of many of the articles, as though the authors had nothing to say and knew it, but went through the motions anyway. Quite a few of them have been influenced by much better writers like Andrew Holleran and Edmund White: too many of *Gay Life's* contributors try for that gorgeous purple prose but just aren't up to it. Add badly-written frivolity to a high price, and the result is a book which I cannot recommend, whether to men who are just coming out or to those who've been out a while. And I'd rather not have to say that: it's important for good gay writers to move up from small presses to the greater outreach that a big house like Doubleday can provide. But gay readers are not obligated to support bad work, and I'm sorry, but I'm glad I didn't buy this book.

Someone ought to find Angelo D'Arcangelo, if possible, and get him to update and revise *The Homosexual Handbook*. (Are you listening, Alyson Publications?) Failing that, Eric Rofes should get together with the kids he worked with so well before and begin research for *The Kid's Book About Gay Life*. And in the meantime, buy (or at least read) his earlier books if you haven't done so already.

— Duncan Mitchell

Mothers of the Novel

Dale Spender
Pandora Press, Methuen, NY, 1986
\$25.00, 355 pp.

It is commonly accepted that there were no women writers before Jane Austin. No so says feminist writer/scholar Dale Spender. In *Mothers of the Novel* Spender uncovers and displays 100 "good" women novelists who wrote, published, and were famous before the first quarter of the nineteenth century. It is important to note the word "good," as Spender argues that there are many, many more women novelists of this period whose work is only average (or worse) and whom she is not going to discuss. But 100 new novelists—whose work is worth reading—is nothing to shake your library card at. Unfortunately, you can shake your library card at them all you want, but you won't be able to read them since they are all—with a handful of exceptions—out of print. This is no accident, as Spender points out, since these women's works have been denied critical appraisal, republication, and the readership they deserve. There are a few names which some readers will recognize: Aphra Behn, Fanny Burney, Maria Edgeworth, Ann Radcliffe and Mary Wollstonecraft. But most the women Spender discusses will be new finds for almost everyone.

Spender makes a tight case for the fact that women writers have been systematically suppressed and *Mothers of the Novel* is a great resource for a history which is just becoming uncovered. Unfortunately the book is poorly writ-



Dale Spender

ten and edited. Although it has incredible energy and a real feeling of intellectual emotion — Spender clearly loves talking about these books—it is also filled with gushing asides, repetitive information, scattershot context and background information, as well as being sloppily copy-edited and having a badly planned bibliography. These faults make the book annoying and sometimes quite difficult to read.

The good news is that Pandora, the feminist line of Routledge and Keegan Paul, is also bringing out a series of the novels Spender discusses. All reset in modern typeset and bound in cheap paperback editions, the lost works of these women will once again be available. So far they have reissued *Belinda* and *Patronage* by Edgeworth; *The Female Quixote* by Charlotte Lennox; *Adeline Mowbray* by Amelia Opie; *Self Control and Discipline* by Mary Brunton; and *The History of Miss Betsy Thoughtless* by Eliza Haywood. So if settling down with a good 600-page lost novel is your idea of a good time, here is a good batch to sink your teeth into.

—Michael Bronski

Erotic Poems from the Greek
Anthology

Translated by John Gill
Drawings by Carlos
The Crossing Press, Trumansburg, New York, 1986
\$6.95 paper

Four-thousand-five-hundred Greek poems survive in 15 books in a single medieval manuscript in the Palantine Library at Heidelberg; *The Greek Anthology*. John Gill has translated and Carlos has provided drawings to accompany 45 of these poems. For the gay reader the twelfth book, Strato's *Musa Puerilis*, Muse of Adolescents, provides the most inspiration with

248 boy-love poems. In his preface Gill explains that as late as 1963 parts of the *Musa Puerilis* "were only translated from the Greek to the Latin — not into English for fear their obscenity would offend!"

Gill's translations and Carlos' illustrations provide stunning access to a classical world unencumbered with Judeo-Christian guilt. Thus "you rest your splendid backside and buttocks against the wall, Chris. Why tempt the stone? It is incapable." The unembellished splendor of Gill's voice matches the celebrated Greek economy in words, which seem to be effortlessly chiseled in marble. And he captures a gay wit, even frivolity which has been seldom noticed among the Greeks. Thus, "There's a certain young man called 'The Serpent' / who's sly and handsome. But since he's a serpent / how does he take another / serpent into his hole?" Or as stunning:

Yesterday in the baths
Leonard brought up an eel from the tub.
'Aphrodite rising from the waves!' he said
If someone had shown it to Paris
there would have been no Trojan War.

Carlos's charcoal drawings have some of the same freshness, liveliness and simplicity as the poems; the sketches make you want to kiss the boys, to fondle their delightful serpentine eels.

Gill's aims are largely achieved: "Could I bring these epigrams over into the American idiom and would they work?" As poems and as a book *Erotic Poems* works magnificently; however, as representations of the Greek originals, they make some disastrous omissions and distortions. All of Carlos' cocks are clearly circumcised and the crotches surrounded with thick pubic hair. For Greek lovers, beard and pubic hair were tragic: "Pamphilus love flees thigh hair cheeks grow, grow; let's fuck quick while sparks still spring from your flint buns." (my translation) Gill skirts the boy love themes much as Christians avoid the sex; he has retained the guilt the Greeks never knew. Likewise he skirts the issue of buying and selling sex. Nothing is wrong with pederasty or prostitution; indeed the anti-queers are now using this issue as a grounds of attack. Pretending that Greek love didn't include pederasty and prostitution implicitly concedes that the moralists are right.

Carlos provides about forty drawings which like the poems have been cleaned up a bit to make the Greeks look more current. Thus of the drawings, only one contains a rear view (which has the asshole completely hidden); and all the representations of sex are oral. Gill translates the very difficult to translate poem connecting assholes with prostitution by using the completely wrong word *anus*. His explanation for this

choice is insufficient. "The numerical value of the letters in 'anus' and 'gold' is the same. I found this out once reckoning it up casually." When the letters are multiplied (alpha equaling one; beta, two; etc.), both *proktos* (asshole) and *chrysos* (gold) equal 1570.

A gay classicist needs to comb the *Greek Anthology* for similar witticisms on balls, assholes, cocks, nipples, lips and other echoes which are now quite obscure. In part because clerics have so dominated classical studies; and in part because classicists prefer euphemisms to lively words, the *Greek Anthology* has rested in obscurity. Gill's poetry goes closer to the heart of the Greek experience than many more correct classicists, but we have a ways to go before we can recover the uncircumcised glory that was Greece.

— Charly Shively

Crazy Vanilla
Barbara Werzba
Harper & Row Junior Book, New York, 1986
\$11.95 hardback, 184 pp.

Set in a wealthy community on Long Island, or as the narrator describes it, "One big cocktail party surrounded by water," *Crazy Vanilla* is a novel about a young, soon-to-be photographer who falls in love with another future photographer, a "tough waitress." He also comes to terms with things going on in his life, one of which is a gay brother, and provides the reader with a lot of engaging reading.

The story is mainly about the love between Tyler, the narrator, and Mitzi, the waitress. Tyler is twelve when Cameron, his brother and best friend, leaves home because their father learns Cameron is gay and makes life unbearable. The brother becomes monogamous lovers with Vincent, also a "successful" interior designer.

What Tyler doesn't realize, and Mitzi fills him in on, is that he simply misses his brother. The same would be true if Cameron had gotten married. He'd had become less involved in Tyler's life in any case.

"What I wanted was for [Vincent] to be so fag-goty that he would offend everyone." I almost asked my reader to stop reading right there, I was so insulted. Upon my second reading, I see that the next sentence is, "then what I wanted was for Cameron to come home." Tyler just wants his brother home. He'd seize on nearly anything, and says very unthinking things.

It's a tribute to the morality movers that Tyler and Cameron don't spend a lengthy time on "changing."

"Have you always been gay?"
"...always."
"How come?"
"I don't know. Just born that way I guess."

"Couldn't you change?"
"...he laughed. 'Tyler, people can't change such things. We are what we are.'"

"But Father was furious."
"He'll get over it. Or maybe he won't. I don't give a damn either way. I

want to be honest with my life, even if Father disinherit me."

Cameron is an unusual person to make the last two statements, or perhaps things have truly changed, and people can actually say those sorts of statements and mean them.

The book seems to reflect a very urban, intellectualized version of seeing things. The family comes to accept Cameron and his lover, and if they want to know about "homosexuality," they look it up in books. (Knowing some of what's available, I shudder.)

What's really of value is that this book can be given by an exiled lesbian or gay male to a younger sibling left behind because of circumstances that can't be controlled. The genders involved don't matter. A word of warning, though. If books about wealthy white teenagers offend you, this is not for you. A reader of mine pointed out that it was refreshing to hear that rich kids have the same problems as poor ones, and that money won't fix things.

Some of the things Cameron tells Vincent are useful. Knowing there are gay animals makes a sibling feel like it's more natural. To truly know that the left behind sibling can feel so very betrayed and write the older sibling off won't help the pain, but it might just aid in understanding.

—Carrie Dearborn

Tangled Sheets and Other
Stories

Gerard Curry
Banned Books, Austin, TX, 1986
\$7.95 paperback, 120 pp.

This is an eclectic collection of a dozen gay short stories, written by an author with a good eye for the ambience and the ironies of contemporary gay life. Many of the stories are brief vignettes of individuals or events, though a few are longer and more involved. While the quality varies somewhat, overall the book is quite good and an enjoyable read.

I must confess, however, that I found the opening story "Conspicuous Consumption," in which the narrator becomes the manipulated plaything for a trio of Beautiful People, to be rather tired. Offsetting this is the excellent "Idiot's Deklight," where the protagonist picks up/is picked up by a drunken youth whose bicycle careens into his path as he is walking home from a bar in Key West. Following that is "Sunday Music," a chronicle of a disco pickup and morning after that skillfully parallels Eric's recollections of a recent ex-lover.

"Big Boy in Tight Blue Jeans" is by far the most gripping story of the lot, a picaresque tale of a young man new to the big city and looking for work, who is introduced by a trick to a high class hustling operation. He later becomes a nude model for the gay glossies, but true to his friend's warnings he discovers that the notoriety of what he had done prevents him from getting a job in conventional modeling. He goes home to his parents in defeat; however, he calls his friend months later to discover that the friend has broken with a jealous lover—and in an unlikely

twist, the friend successfully entreats him to return to the city.

Appropriately named, the title story is the account of the complex interplay among a gay father, his son and their lovers during a lengthy visit at the father's home. The author makes good use of the father's lover wondering whether the younger couple are gay to build tension and keep the reader's interest. In the end we discover that the friend is indeed gay and in love with the son, but the son confides to his father that he has been trying to get his friend to understand that he has become involved in a relationship with a woman.

One convoluted story that never quite seems to come off is "Various States of Undress," about three men who live together and their affairs. "Nickolai," skillfully cast as an interview, is a memoir about an ex-lover. "Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow" is another story with an ironic twist, of a lover who tricks out in anger because he thinks his partner has forgotten their anniversary — only to have the latter remind him that the anniversary is the following day. In "Glance Your Heart Away" Brad finally comes to realize that having a physical handicap does not make him unattractive, that the biggest problem is in his own head.

There are several other stories in the collection. Gerard Curry is a fascinating writer who deserves to become better known. I hope we will be seeing more of his work.

—John Kyper

Dykes To Watch Out For

Alison Bechdel
Firebrand Books, Ithaca, New York, 1986
\$6.95, 77 pp.

Ever find yourself in the midst of a party surrounded by lesbians, usually in couples, and suddenly little scenarios of lesbian life start to form in your mind? There stand the writer, the lawyer, the political activist and you have the urge to take a picture or draw this slice of life as you see it. And so that's just what Ms. Bechdel has done in her new collection of comics. The drawings are alive with those strange and tenderly awkward moments that make up our lives as lesbians. The "great romances that never were" suggest "perhaps you were first struck by her *triceps* definition at the local 'Y'...or then again, perhaps you were brought together by a *perverse twist of fate*." Whatever the situation you can bet Ms. Bechdel has captured it.

In some ways it is much to the author's credit that she possesses both the sense of humor and the artistic ability to produce these little vignettes, but it also says a lot about the times in which our community lives. A few years ago some of these comics would not have been greeted with the same amused and affectionate response that they receive today. The lesbian community has actually developed a sense of humor! Now don't faint girls, it's high time we did. I still find it interesting that most of my gay male friends laughed harder at this collection than the girls I showed it to. Of course one of my favorite sections in Bechdel's book is "Literary Dykes to Watch Out For": "The following guide attempts to provide a psychological catalogue of the more common types of lesbians who write." The illustrations that follow capture us all ranging from the *tequila nocturnal* to the *procrastinatoria inertia*, categories near and dear to my heart.

Firebrand Books could well have exercised a tad more editorial prerogative in the layout of *Dykes*, which at times seems disjointed. Part of the magic of illustration is how well pieces flow from one to another. Some of this is lost in Bechdel's collection. But what is gained is the gleam of newness that comes with any first effort and that is worth some of the awkwardness.

In the last few years, the political comic has found a place in everyday periodicals. The external is becoming the internal and now we don't just see the "big boys" being poked fun at, we see ourselves as well. In *Dykes* we are black, we are Asian, we are mothers, nuns, and ruggers. And honey, we all get our beads read: the girlfriend who is always late; the roommate that you, perish the thought, hate; the lover who can't dance; and the girls looking, or should I say hunting, for romance. And she even talks about sex, but I won't dwell on that too much, you'll have to read that part for yourself. I look forward to seeing many more strips of life from Ms. Bechdel 'cause there is no doubt in my mind that this girl is definitely a *Dyke To Watch Out For!*

—Veneita Porter



Cover illustration from *The Hunger*

The Hunger

David Rees
GMP Publishers, London, England, 1986
\$7.50 paperback, 191 pp.

The Hunger is the story of a hero, strong and vital, who falls victim to a mysterious disease no one can diagnose or contain. Weak, helpless, he is betrayed and abandoned by those closest and upon whom he depends. In the end, he lives, but the bright spirit is broken; too much damage has been done. The hero is Ireland, and the disease: the Great Potato Famine of the 1840s.

The story is told through a middle-class Irishman, Michael Tangney, who meets and falls in love with an English nobleman, Anthony Altarnum. They meet in a time of relative plenty, while Anthony is managing his absent brother's estate. *They live together and keep their secret safe*. But when the potato blight comes, the entire economy is destroyed, and the social order falls. Then every last scrap is brought out — of money, of food, of secrets.

This is not a novel of modern-day people set against quaint times and a foreign setting. These people lived differently, *though* differently. At a time when there was not a root left in the ground, and the very leaves had been eaten off the bushes, peasant families kept gold coins in the thatches of their huts as good luck charms. (But by then, the gold would have been useless anyway — there simply was no food to sell.)

There's no happy ending here; all truly heroic characters are in tragedies. But this book is a fine study of human behavior under stress—selfless, greedy, forgiving, vindictive, loving, callous. It offers a view of history many of us know only vaguely, or as statistics. The statistics become people; the love often the only thing that makes survival worthwhile. In the end, terribly, love alone was not enough. The spirit of Ireland would be a very different thing today, if Michael and Anthony's story had not been a true one *then*.

—Jan R. Fielding

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Objects of Affection: Gay Men & Straight Women

The Object of My Affection

Stephen McCauley
Simon and Schuster, New York, 1987
\$17.95, hardcover, 316 pp.

Reviewed by Walta Borawski

If anyone were to ask me what the four finest, American first-novels known to me are, I would have to say Ann Beattie's *Chilly Scenes of Winter*, Sue Miller's *The Good Mother*, Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*, and Stephen McCauley's *The Object of My Affection*. But such a question-and-answer would, by its nature, be as tentative as George, the narrator in McCauley's story.

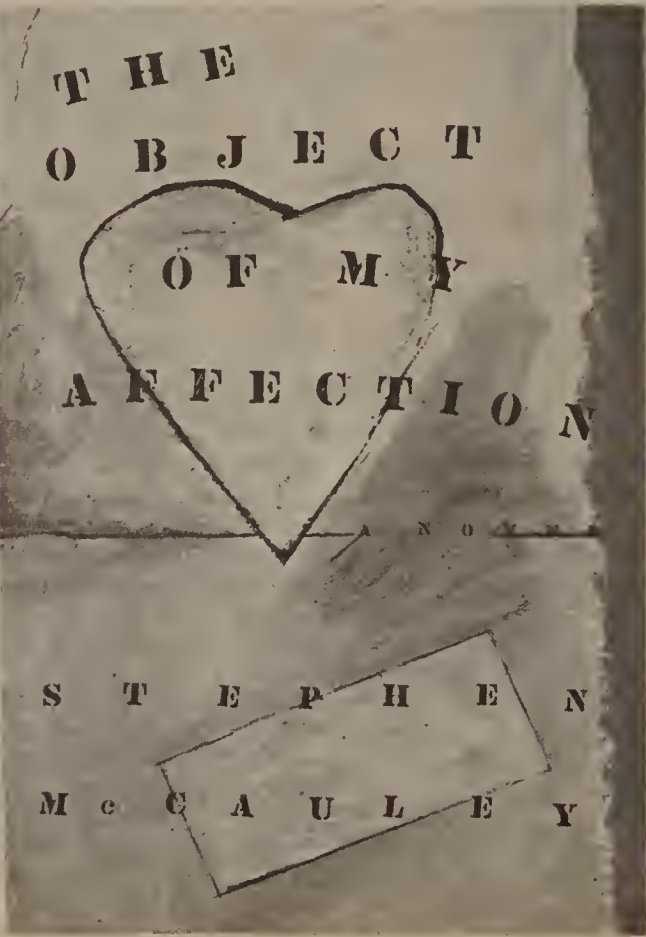
George isn't yet 30, and seems 18. He is gay. He works in a day care center peopled by rich children and a rich young woman named Melissa. She wears several layers of shredded multicolored sweatshirts, clinging skirts, and funny little socks and cute shoes. When she is depressed she hops in a taxi cab bound nowhere special and falls apart against the Naugahyde. Fortunately for George, Melissa is not the object of his affection.

Nina Borowski is. George's closest friend and roommate in Brooklyn, New York, Nina is pregnant by a wishy-washy ACLU lawyer named Howard. Howard adores the earth trod by Nina. Who wouldn't? She reeks of Vetiver cologne and wears one earring (because more people notice one earring than they do symmetrically placed jewelry). Nina has style. She is certainly George's opposite. He at one point admits disdain toward ornamentation, saying that his only jewelry is his suspenders. This is of course an impossible statement, and in real life I've no patience with queens who would say or even think such a thing. I gave up on George Eliot's *Middlemarch* when Dorothea showed no interest in her late mother's jewels. But when confronted with both raw vegetables and junk food at a party, George chooses Twinkies, so he is not a total loss.

Nina agrees with me. She'd rather raise her child with George than with the biological father. And no wonder. Howard calls her "Pumpkin" and "Dumpling" and prides himself on his cooking, yet reads law briefs at the dinner table. He is so mild-mannered he cannot say "asshole" or "prick" without apologizing to George,

and yet when he gets into his ancient Datsun he drives like a maniac. Not good parenting material.

George isn't so sure he himself wants to be a parent, honorary or otherwise. He is certainly good with children. He has a very intense relationship with little Doran Dunne, whose trendy parents are separated and vying over the child's attentions. They are making a mess of him, but luckily he has George while at day care. In one of the book's many beautiful scenes, Doran draws a picture of an SST, and George snottily tells him that is not an airplane average people fly in, and crinkles up the art. For Doran it is a known vehicle; he becomes hysterical and George picks him up and holds him.



Women and children and straight men. One might ask: What's in all this for George? That's a point. George has a gay male friend named Timothy, who could turn any queen off men. Timothy takes George to a modern operatic experience that proves ear-splitting, assuring George that someday he will wake up and like this sort of music. Timothy takes George to an AIDS benefit circus at Madison Square Garden and talks so much and so loud that the queen behind them can't appreciate the experience. Timothy sets up blind dates for George, but George would rather stay home in Brooklyn and chat with Nina. He'd rather stay home in Brooklyn and chat with Nina and Howard. That's the power of queens like Timothy.

Of course at times George gets on our nerves. But other people in his life are far worse than he is. Take his lover Joley. Take Joley and throw him off a bridge. Joley is a clothes horse, a successful professor, a creepy irresponsible jerk who sleeps with a humming machine. The night George meets Nina she tells him that she has heard — from Joley — that George is looking for a place to live. George at that time lives with Joley, and it — his need of a new home — is news to him. He moves in with Nina, and this is the beginning of their intense and beautiful and puzzling relationship.

To those gay men whose best friends are NOT women, this will be a confusing read. But for the rest of us, it sheds light on what has always seemed second nature to us: our best friends are often women. George adores Nina. Of course, from his end this is a pure friendship, minus sexual tension. From Nina's end — her being a straight woman, it is more complex.

Things get complex for George, too, when he meets Paul, who could possibly be Nina's rival for George's affections. For some readers the novel might fall apart at this point, as McCauley's ability to create radical mothers of woodsy queens is not up to his ability to create confused, urban gay men, colorful straight women and sensitive straight men. George's affection is sought after by Paul, whose mother, Molly, is a would-be Grace Paley who never reaches total credibility. She is almost a caricature in fact, a quality she shares with George's friend Timothy; the novel would have been even more satisfying a read for me if I could believe more in these two characters. (I should add here that my favorite novelist is the late Barbara Pym, which might explain why I demand completeness in the creation of older non-mainstream fictional characters.)

Continued on Book Review page 8

A Sobering History from Weimar to the Ovens

Continued from Book Review page 3

concentration camps that led to mutilation and death.

Homosexuals represented but a small fraction of the biologically vilified and unwanted. Asocial people, the mentally and physically handicapped, gypsies, and, by far the largest group, the Jews, all fell prey to the persecution that was the outgrowth of such "theozoology." All these minorities were made expendable through a venomous Nazi ideology implanted on previously extant popular prejudices. (This list leaves out, of course, the Nazis' political enemies, above all the entire spectrum of the Left: Communists, trade unionists, Social Democrats, who were from the very start persecuted, imprisoned, and exterminated. It seems to me misleading to include them as "contragenics." It would also have served the purposes of greater clarity, had it been explained just who it was who made up the "antifascists.")

The horror embodied in Nazi Germany does not lie in the realm of thought but in the bureaucratically exigent machinery on the cutting edge of technology put into operation at its behest. Here a real perfectionism was manifest. "Fascism," writes the Polish historian Kazimierz Brandys, "is a broader concept than the Germans. But they were its classical practitioners." They invented the concentration camp in its modern form, not as an institution for punishment or rehabilitation but for what they viewed as a cloaca, or sewer. The utter humiliation and

unrestricted brutality they designed, and the playing off of one prisoner against the other, were so successful that the camps could be managed by a very small number of armed guards. Only one, Buchenwald, liberated itself at the end of the war in a carefully prepared armed uprising. The camp regulations not only subdued prisoners, but bred a conviction in the guards that they were carrying out legitimate orders and punishing dangerous subversives. Nothing was left to chance: the SS guards had to undergo brutality training courses. "Himmler's and Eicke's innovation — the concentration camps — must be understood as the evil icons of our century," writes Plant.

Plant's account of Nazi persecutions and the conditions for homosexual prisoners in the camps leaves nothing to be desired. His writing is cogent, informed, and persuasive. The picture painted is utterly sobering. I will leave the rest to your own reading of *The Pink Triangle*. Just one note, and a lesson for our own times: there was no solidarity among the prisoners with the pink triangle in the camps, nor solidarity with them from the other prisoners. The reasons were many and Richard Plant details them in his account. The outcome was that the gay men died like flies.

The liberation of the camps at the end of the war did not mean the exonerated of the homosexual prisoners. "The world into which they found themselves liberated was still officially hostile. According to

German law, homosexual ex-prisoners were to be treated as criminals. East Germany voided the Nazi version of Paragraph 175 only in 1967; West Germany followed in 1969, adding minor alterations in 1973," writes Plant in the concluding chapter. There is a small error of fact here: East Germany voided the Nazi version of Paragraph 175 in 1949 and returned to the Weimar version: in 1967, as part of a general legal reform, the law was changed so as to make homosexual acts punishable only if committed with minors under the age of 18.

One thing is sure: the restoration climate of post-war West Germany was not conducive to gays. Of all the groups persecuted by the Nazis, only gays — because they were criminals under then-existing law — have been excluded from receiving restitution from the Bonn government. Plant's study is indispensable to an understanding of the history of gay people. And because it illuminates a part of history that has long been neglected in the English-speaking world, it is welcome. It is doubly welcome because it is also the outgrowth of a long sorrow and struggle. Richard Plant escaped Germany; he is in this sense a survivor and the chronicle he has written is of all his fellows who did not. *The Pink Triangle* represents in a sense the biography of a generation, and I feel grateful that it has been done so well, with such care, and, above all, with such compassion.

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A Fresh Wind in the Museum: *The Sacred Hoop*

The Sacred Hoop: Recovering the Feminine in American Indian Traditions

Paula Gunn Allen
 Beacon Press, Boston, 1986
 \$24.95, hardcover, 311 pp.

Reviewed by Patricia Clark Smith

Paula Gunn Allen's *The Sacred Hoop* is a book about American Indian thought and culture written by a woman who grew up inside that culture. It is a fresh feminist wind blowing through a museum made up of corny dioramas and badly catalogued exhibits entitled The American Indian; rattles old stereotypes about American Indian culture that non-Indians have been creating and collecting since Columbus' landfall. Allen's study ranks with the work of scholars like Annette Kolodny and Lillian Schlissel (whose work concentrates on the realities of Anglo women on the American frontiers) in its radical re-visioning of American history, and in particular of American Indian women's culture.

Allen goes further than any previous scholar in suggesting how closely racism directed at the American Indian peoples has been tied to both sexism and class bias. Though she is careful to call attention to the diversity of American Indian tribes, she contends that the majority of those tribes were gynocentric, at least prior to European contact, basing their notion of how the world works upon a "First Mother who enjoined cooperation and sharing on all her children." In accord with what seem to have been Pan-Tribal emphases on balance and harmony, native people accorded equal value to men's and women's roles, as they did, for that matter, to all directions, all seasons, all created beings. Fixed hierarchies and Great Chains of Being were not ideas native to North America. The tribes seem to have been nearly universally inclined to the even distribution of goods among themselves; European incredulity at the absence of private ownership in Indian communities is well documented, as is the American Indian's initial inability to comprehend European concepts of purchase and sale. Allen further argues that these gynocentric societies were largely more easygoing than the patriarchal Christians about sexuality and sexual roles:

This latitude means that a diversity of people, including gay males and lesbians, are not denied and in fact are likely to be accorded honor. Also likely to be prominent in such systems are the nurturing, pacifist and passive males (as defined by Western minds) and self-defining, assertive, decisive women.

Allen devotes one chapter to American Indian gays, especially lesbians, and throughout the book she makes reference to native American gay culture. People who grew up with the stereotypes of macho warriors and passive women 'neath the moon weeping their hearts away will be fascinated by Allen's attempts here to recover a censored history — to learn, for example, about the ceremonial roles accorded gays in various tribes, (eighty-eight) whose annals make positive mention of the gay members of the community.

European fear of and contempt for the American Indian, Allen contends, largely came about because the sexual, economic and political ways of the woman-centered tribes affronted their own patriarchal assumptions. That such cultures were not only existing but thriving constituted a threat, and European colonists set out at once to suppress or subvert gynocentrism. Between then and the present, historians have knowingly and unknowingly worked to "discount,



Paula Gunn Allen

degrade, or conceal gynocratic features so that they will appear patriarchal." In many instances, that doctored history has even been bought by the misrepresented peoples themselves, especially straight Indian males, who stand to profit the most by the false images, albeit they themselves have been marginalized by them. (A case in point is a recent disputed election at Isleta Pueblo in New Mexico, in which a conservative male tribal council argued — erroneously — that women had no traditional right to be governor. The election has recently been decided in favor of the woman candidate, and she will be allowed to assume office.)

One direct result of all this Anglo suppression of American Indian women's roles has been the popular Anglo stereotypes of The Indian, tribe unspecified. They're familiar to all of us. There's the sentimental painting of a lone man in feathered headdress gazing wistfully into the sunset, entitled "End of the Trail," or "The Last of his Tribe." There are all those songs — *Kaw-liga, Running Bear and Little White Dove, Redwing* — about braves going to Happy Hunting Grounds, about grieving maidens, and mute and/or suicidal lovers. Most of all, and most sadly, the stereotype is there in the way white children "play Indian" — a game in which, as you recall, kids don't make pottery or track deer or plant corn or worship Spider Grandmother. They warwhoop, they attack, they die. Inarguably, most Anglo images of the American Indian peoples have to do with dying and death.

Of course, vast numbers of tribal people were wiped out by genocide in its many terrible and ingenious forms. But Allen argues persuasively that the death and death-bent stereotypes of the Indian have less to do with history and white guilt than with a long-term editing out of the gynocratic features of American native culture. The feather-bonneted stereotypes draw largely, if inaccurately, on Plains cultures. But as Allen suggests, even among Plains tribes, the male, "death-centered" rituals of hunting and warfare, and the attendant value placed on enduring pain and meeting death with dignity and courage, were largely "rituals of transformation," which enabled men to participate directly in the kind of process women experience naturally through menstruation and childbirth. The macho-warrior/passive maiden stereotype, then, is a long way from the largely peaceable, sexually tolerant, life-revering peoples who actually made up the native American population — a population that, despite the "dying race" business and the various kinds of marginalization American Indians continue to suffer, is very much here, alive and growing larger.

Allen's thesis throughout the rich variety of her topics is that the shifting from a male to female axis in American Indian literary and historical studies means "the materials become centered on continuance rather than extinction. . . ; in fact, American Indians are not doomed to extinction, but fated to endure. What a redemptive, empowering realization that is!"

The Sacred Hoop can be read as a collection of essays. Many focus on contemporary American Indian literature, and one of the values of the book is that it may direct more readers to the powerful work of Joy Harjo, Leslie Silko, Simon Ortiz, Wendy Rose, Mary Tallmountain, Maurice Kenny, and others. Another value of this book is the prose of Allen herself. She is not only a professor of American Indian Studies at UC Berkeley, but a poet, novelist, a gay activist, a spiritual counsellor, and her writing — unlike a lot of scholarly prose — makes no attempt to mask her personality, her personal history, or the sources of her convictions behind an anonymous gray academic voice. Yet another virtue is Allen's careful avoidance of monolithic feminist responses; this book should be read by every Anglo who wonders why there aren't more women of color who identify with mainstream feminism. In a delightful tour-de-force chapter Allen demonstrates with wit and grace how both a well-meaning anthropologist — in this case, her own great-uncle — and a hypothetical white feminist unfamiliar with Keres Pueblo culture can go wrong in translating and interpreting a Laguna Pueblo tale.

Like all revolutionary thinkers I've heard of, Allen is sure to get a lot of flak for this book. I can hear it now: she overgeneralizes, she speculates, there's inadequate documentation, she just *thinks* that's how it is because *she* happens to come from one of the most clearly matrifocal communities in the world. Well, yes — but *Allen admits all this*. Cheerfully. The book is overtly a generous, freewheeling, life-affirming attempt to open the way for others, whom she hopes will go on to uncover the records, rethink the presently available materials, provide the documentation she cannot always give here — not because evidence doesn't exist, but because up till now so few people have been looking for it. (The evidence, in fact, about native gynocentrism is coming forth. See, for instance, Carol Devon's article "Separate Confrontations: Gender as a Factor in Indian Adaption to European Colonization in New France," *American Quarterly*, 38, 3 [Spring, 1987] 461-480.)

If it makes you more comfortable, call this book a vision supplemented by what historical data is available, and laced with perceptive feminist literary criticism of traditional and contemporary American Indian literature. In any case — what's the female equivalent for "seminal" work — an ovular work? Well, *The Sacred Hoop* is one of those.

Kerouac Goes LF

Continued from Book Review page 2

to be so threatening to the male establishment which keeps trying to subvert and co-opt it. The search for self that Molly Bolt, Celie, and now Lila undergo, is both particular and archetypal — an archetype that women, finally, can name and claim in a language of our own.

None of the girls in Lila's world, a world of garbage and junkies and the only cool spot up on the roof, has any real security or stability (Isabel, for example, longs for health insurance, Lila hops from job to job, Sally Liberty's too exhausted from shit work to play Coltrane on her sax) — yet they have each other, themselves, and The Worst Performance Festival. Schulman seems to tell us that when you have girls and visions, indeed, you have everything.

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Old Lesbians: The Forces Ranged against Us



Faith Reboin, contributor to *Long Time Passing*

Continued from Book Review page 1

"Older," used in this way, simply insures that nobody will have to bear the shame of being labelled "old." What this book needed, of course, was a radical stand against the ageism that engenders that shame, rather than a dance around the word. In a book dealing with aging, it is also crazy-making that no ages are given for the writers; I sat pencil in hand trying to figure out who was in her 40s and who was in her 70s, sometimes with no luck. I can only assume that, for lack of an empowering, anti-ageist stance, the editor felt she had to keep this kind of closeting about age to avoid insult.

What is far more disturbing about *Long Time Passing* is signalled on the cover by the Ph.D. after Adelman's name. This is a first. Beck, Cruikshank, Penelope, Wolfe, did not announce their doctorates when they edited their anthologies, and the issue is not one of modesty. The issue is how the lesbian editor views her relationship to her contributors, and who is the expert. What have we come to as dykes when, because we are over 50, our most intimate stories are seen by the editor as a "way of doing some more work in the field of gerontology," (p. 10) and as "substantiat[ing] the findings of [her] own studies" (p. 11)? All of this professional distancing about research and mental health grants once again makes the old lesbian other, not one of us.

Even more damaging is that it promotes the idea that it is younger women who have the real expertise on lesbian aging. Indeed that notion is confirmed by a 40-page appendix of advice by three other younger career women — a doctor, a social worker, a lawyer.

Considering that Adelman tells us she transcribed 200 interviews of older lesbians, of which she gives us only 22, her decision to devote a total of 50 pages to the voices of younger women can only be seen as an insult. We have to ask: what are the priorities of this editor — to empower old lesbians or to promote younger women's careers? Why, just because contributors to a lesbian anthology are past 50, must we allot 40 pages to instructions by younger lesbians on good health practices, how to draw up a will, and how to run a social service agency for older lesbians? In our ageist communities, this tends to be how older lesbians are viewed:

as rather helpless, pathetic, needy women who are interesting to younger women primarily as research subjects and potential clients. *Long Time Passing* will make it harder for those of us who are trying to change that.

The tone of the younger lesbians in the preface and appendix is one I hear and resent more and more — that of the invulnerable younger lesbian professional who explains aging to the poor dear old lesbians who are living it. I for one did not buy this collection of the words of older lesbians to learn that "foods with high sugar and fat content, such as rich crackers, desserts and ice cream, should be occasional treats or eliminated." (p. 221)

Confused, like everyone else, by the adjective "older," the doctor not only patronizes, but gears her entire spiel to middle-aged women, although they are actually the minority in this book. Her cheerful promise that "middle-age can be the most fulfilling, exciting part of life" sounds less exhilarating to lesbians over 60. More insulting and invalidating to Mary Flick, Alma Adams, Wilma, Elena and Barbara Tymbios (in their 70s and 80s is the recommendation that they "make a list of all the things you'd like to do by the time you're 70" (p. 234). Such ignoring of old women is a commonplace in our ageist communities. In a book on lesbian aging it is simply unforgivable. Yet at the same time, the doctor explains to older dykes that they needn't worry about ageism in the lesbian community: "We value older women for their existence and wisdom" (p. 23). This pious stereotype — which I have come to call "PHEW," Phull of Experience and Wisdom — rarely bears scrutiny. Certainly not here, where for 40 pages the experienced, wise women are being told what they "need to know" by younger women.

It becomes clear that this book exists to prop younger women's egos at the expense of older women, in the name of helping them. The social worker, describing GLOE in San Francisco as a "model social service program for older lesbians," provides what reads like a grant proposal for her agency. Not only do we have the jargon of the "program's components," but old lesbians become the "target population." Given that way of viewing our older sisters, it's not surprising that, in her essay, June Patterson (early 60s) describes attending a GLOE social event and finding "very few lesbians over 60." (p. 114)

Finally, the lawyer addresses the Pat Boñds, Alma Adamases, Jannys — women who have risked being thrown out of the army and the Communist Party, who have seized life with both hands in far more challenging times than these — as if these dykes were the mainstream stereotype of the terrified, unworldly old lady: "My hope is that this article will build your confidence so you can approach an attorney."

Long Time Passing combines oral histories with some pieces or sections of pieces in which women reflect on their own aging. If I read the preface right, Adelman had hoped for more of the latter, as I did too. Women

didn't want to talk about aging, she says, and I quite agree that it's because "the taboo against discussing aging and old age is just as strong in the lesbian community as it is in mainstream society." (p. 11) But again, any understanding of ageism on the part of the editor — any willingness to expose and challenge the hateful messages that silenced so many interviewees — could have made a real difference.

Some of the women do speak of the ageism they encounter, despite their editor's lack of consciousness on the issue. Marjory Nelson and Paula Gunn Allen, in their 50s and 40s respectively, reflect, as women who are both mothers, on what Allen calls "trashing Mom." Allen sees the sharp difference between attitudes towards "old" in mainstream or lesbian society and in her Laguna culture, where she feels it means deepening one's identity rather than a "humiliation." Nelson is clear about the nature of that humiliation:

There is general agreement among people in this culture that old women should die. Ageism says to old women, 'Step aside now, you have lived your life. Step aside and make room for the young.' We see death as acceptable for old women because we don't take them seriously. It is part of our ageism and part of our denial around death. We do not see how their lives might be connected to our own. Their deaths are as meaningless to us as their lives. (p. 124)

Such ageism creates the need for age-passing (where possible) as surely as homophobia creates the need for passing as straight. Janny (early 60's) has written a song "Aging is Not for Sissies," and speaks out as a radical about her anger at her invisibility to younger radical women, but her lover Edie warns: "Don't tell people how long we've lived together; they'll think we're old." (p. 193) Marie P., who's in her mid-60s, and who works out three times a week and often walks three miles a day, describes the messages she gets going into a gay bar: "Most of the people in the back room are young and energetic and they just don't have anything to do with me. And older people don't go there." (p. 213) Eileen (67) observes: "You're just not there (to younger people) when you're older." (p. 120) We need this dialogue. We need brave voices such as Jeanne Adelman's (66) who shares what it's like, in the ecstasies of new love, to hear an old friend, a younger women, ask her lover, "Is this the first time you've been in a relationship with an older woman?" and her shock and shame at realizing she's seen by younger lesbians in this objectified way.

Long Time Passing is a book to be read for two reasons — to know more about the lives of lesbians and to study in depth the dangers of professionalism in the lesbian community, and the ways in which old lesbians are disempowered by it. We wait for an anthology of mid-life lesbians, written by and for mid-life lesbians, and an anthology of old lesbians, written by and for old lesbians, to deepen our understanding of lesbian aging and give us the energy we need to combat ageism.

Gay Men & Straight Women

Continued from Book Review page 6

The only other fault I find with *The Object of My Affection* is that all sex scenes operate on a fade-out basis. Among my friends I am famous for my prurience, but here I believe we might understand George better if we knew what he did on the sheets he plans to launder before Paul comes to visit.

Neither of these points — Molly's incompleteness, nor the vagueness of George's lovemaking — kept me from devouring this book as if it were a newly found diary of Virginia Woolf's. I cried with joy through the final 30 pages, and think the final image one of the finest and most evocative in all of American literature.

McCauley originally wanted to call this novel *Significant Other*. He could not, as Armistead Maupin had eggies on that title for the next compilation of his wonderful *Tales of the City* serial installments. I am glad this happened, as "The Object of My Affection" is a title that has a lot more meaning for me. McCauley and I are both enamoured of American pop music of the 1920s through 1950s, and so is George. George listens to the recordings of the Boswell Sisters during the crucial moments of his life; perhaps that tells us much more about him than what we could learn or assume from what he might like to do in bed.



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Gay Candidate Could Win Chicago Alderman Race

Continued from page 1

any hint of homophobia. Two factors altered this: the removal of a third candidate and new, unanimous gay support for Sable. The withdrawal of the campaign's third candidate, a marginal prospect running on a homophobic platform, was a major boost for Hansen — so much so that some suspect he arranged it.

Under Chicago's aldermanic election rule, a candidate must get an absolute majority of the vote or a run-off election is held. Sable hopes to get enough votes to force

a run-off. While an anti-gay candidate was in the running, any homophobia on Hansen's part increased this possibility, but now the race is one-on-one.

Far from disavowing gay-baiting, Hansen aide Quigley attempts to justify it. "Sable is gay to other gays but is 'Doctor' to everyone else. He shouldn't be able to make it an issue with gays but not anyone else."

It is difficult to underestimate the impact that a Sable victory would have on local and regional

politics. It would establish the lesbian/gay community as an important constituency in this clout-conscious city. The break-up of the machine has already benefited other minorities, notably Blacks and Latinos, both of which were seriously under-represented in the city council prior to Black Mayor Harold Washington's initial victory in 1983.

The current council wards represent a reshuffling of power in Chicago, and a Sable victory in the 44th Ward (and to a much lesser extent, a near defeat with a strong showing) would essentially deal in the lesbian and gay community at the council level.

"This campaign is a way to take the offensive at a time when the right wing is on the attack," Sable told a largely lesbian and gay crowd at a recent fundraising party. "In several cities, such as New York and Boston, the election of a gay candidate has moved the civil rights agenda forward." No openly gay candidate has been elected between the Appalachians and the Mississippi, and the arrival of an elected lesbian or gay candidate in

the heartland would be seen as a major victory given the current political climate.

This is clearly a major concern for Sable's lesbian and gay supporters, and these supporters are a mainstay of his campaign, currently providing him with large numbers of enthusiastic volunteers and probably much of his money as

well. But the race is still an uphill battle. "Sable says his polls show the race is 'winnable,'" commented Hansen aide Quigley, "but these polls were taken before this became a one-on-one race. Reliable sources tell me that he has only 40 percent of the vote, and each point beyond 40 is harder for him to get."



Ron Sable

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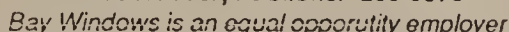
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We are interested in establishing an all female household. Anyone sharing this interest please contact 566-1345. (30)

WATERTOWN

3 Independent, friendly, fun & responsible LFs seek 4th for 1st floor of house. \$212.50 + 1/4 of utils. Avail 3/1/87. Call 926-9046. For details. No ans, leave message. (31)

LF seeks to share renov 3 bd rm apt (porch & yard) near T, on St pking. Sorry, no pets. Seek respon, clean, humored indiv. Call Darci at 625-8573 or lv msg. March 1 or before. (30)

2 LF seek 3rd for JP apt. Women's house, work cooperatively, have pets, wood stove, w/d. \$200 & util. Non-smoke drug or alc. 522-3816. Wanda or Margo. (30)

ROOMMATE WANTED

LF 32 with 9 yo daughter seeking woman to share 3 bdr apt. No drugs or alcohol. Rent with utilities \$380 month. Beverly 921-1235. (30)

WOMAN ONLY SPACE

Lg 2 bdrm S'ville avail immed. Need honest, communicative, dyke. AM veg, radical feminist seeking same. \$337.50 + 1/2 util. 15 min to Harv Sq. No pets. Call 628-8470 nights or 266-1400x228 days. (30)

2 (L or bi M) to share 3 br apt for April 1. \$210 + util, \$420 to move in; Blue line T, cable, no pets, 846-0986, Kitty. (30)

S'ville LF 25 + for 2 bdrm apt nr T & bus. Skg compatible college-ed prof or grad stud. No drugs, pets or cigs. \$275 +. Lv msg at 623-7415. (30)

ARLINGTON

Feminist and/or lesbian wanted for lovely duplex with 1F, 1M. Deck, fireplace close to pond and MBTA-646-7968. (30)

BROOKLINE/BOSTON

GF 35, seeks mat. considerate clean GF spirtl. veg. Would be nice no hvy drugs or alc. Smk ok for rent cont. nice 2 bdr. apt on Green line. \$257.50 incl heat, no pets. Call after 8:30. ASAP. 232-3139. (31)

HOUSING WANTED**SPACE NEEDED**

A group of lesbians meeting for an international conference March 27-29 need space: sleeping for 25-30 w/6 meeting rooms and a kitchen. Can you help with a very low rent location? Call Kim at 426-4469 or write box 6194 Boston, MA 02114. (35)

APARTMENTS

GOVERNMENT HOMES from \$1. (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call 1-805-687-6000 Ext. H-1437 for current repo list. (34)

ANNOUNCEMENTS**NEW YORK COMMITTEE FOR SHARON KOWALSKI FORMED**

Sharon is still a prisoner: we intend to do something about it! New York committee to free Sharon Kowalski C/O The Women's Center 243 W. 20 Street. New York, New York 10011. (31)

JEWISH LESBIAN DAUGHTERS OF HOLOCAUST SURVIVORS

The next gathering will be held in the Boston area, during the weekend of March 27th. We meet for support & networking and welcome contact from other Jewish Lesbian Daughters of Holocaust Survivors. A partners group has also been formed for women who are in relationship with JLDHS. Membership is not dependent on both partners. For information, write Box 6194, Boston, MA 02114 or call (617) 321-4254. (35)

OFF LINE AND INACCESSIBLE! OUR TDD IS NOT WORKING!

...And cannot be fixed. We need about \$200 to replace the one we had. Please consider a (tax-deductible) cash-contribution or (also deductible) donate your second TDD to us so that we may re-establish accessibility with the deaf/hearing impaired community soon. Sen donations to GCN TDD, 167 Tremont St., Boston, MA 02111, or call with ideas or questions, 426-4469 and ask for Catherine. Sorry, voice line only. (28)

MOVERS**POOR PEOPLES MOVERS**

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No overtime charges, 354-2184
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- LIC. and INS.

236-1848

RESORTS**WINTER WONDERLAND**

The down-home place of your dreams in north country New Hampshire
Cross-country ski from our back door, warm up in the hot tub. Down-hill skiing, sleigh rides & skating nearby. You owe yourself a visit to the Highlands Inn. (603) 869-3978. Box 118G Bethlehem, NH 03574. Grace & Judi, Inn keepers. (34)

SWEET CAROLINE

A new women's guest house right around the corner from Duval Street in Historic Key West. Patricia Major, MD, owner. 529 Caroline Street, Key West, FL, 33040, or call (305) 296-5173 (*38)

MARTHA'S VINEYARD

Some Ferry Reservations available (auto). 2 or 3 BR Townhouses fully furnished w/sun deck. Tennis, pond, clubhouse. Near ocean beaches, gold. From 350./wk till June 27, from 650./wk In-Season. For brochure/rates, write P.O. Box 222, Winchester, MA 01890, (617) 729-1230. (30)

TRAVEL**FOREX TRAVEL**

Phone 482-2900
76 Arlington Street
at Boston's Park Plaza (E)

PUBLICATIONS**LESBIAN CONTRADICTION**

A Journal of Irreverent Feminism. Quarterly of commentary, analysis, reviews, cartoons & humor by and for women who agree to disagree—who are still political, but not necessarily correct. Sample \$1; sub \$5; more if/less if. LesCon, 584 Castro, no. 263G, SF, CA 94114. (V15.18)

BLACK/OUT

The new quarterly magazine from the National coalition of Black Lesbians and Gays, features news, views, reviews, poetry, short fiction and announcements of interest to the national Black Lesbian and Gay community. Sample copy, \$4, 1 yr. subscription, (4 issues) \$10. To: Black/Out, NCBLG, 930 F Street, NW no 514, Wash., DC 20004. Black/Out.Because silence is costly.

Prisoners Seeking Friends

TO ALL THOSE WHO IN AND OUT OF PRISON FIGHT AGAINST THEIR BONDAGE (Alexander Berkman, Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist)

There are LOTS more poor people than rich people. To keep the poor people from demanding their share, the society makes them feel bad about themselves, so they don't feel that they DESERVE to have more.

The same is true for prisons. There are LOTS more prisoners than guards and to keep you all "in line" they use these feelings you bring in with you from the outside and make them stronger: blacks against whites against hispanics, straights against gays, old against young, "ugly" against "pretty", etc etc etc.



To keep from feeling like you're the WORST, you look down on somebody else. This is the way a FEW guards can keep control over MANY prisoners; keep you fighting among yourselves and feeling bad about yourselves.

How about saying what you think about this so we can put something the "Freedom's Just" column. Thanks.

**Used (foreign) STAMPS—FREE!**

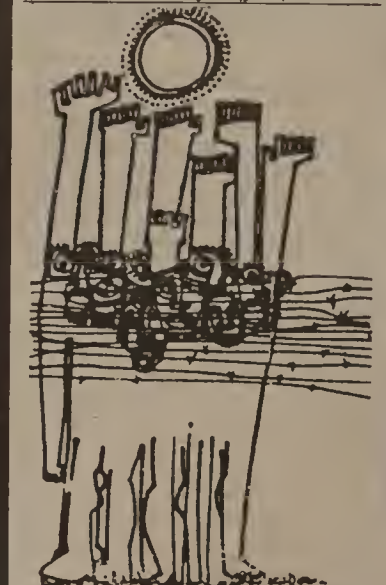
We have some used stamps that we've been collecting this year and will pass them on to those prisoners who collect stamps. Please write for some ONLY if you've checked to see if you can get used stamps through the mail. We'll wait a month and see how many requests we get, then we'll divide them up equally among the askers and send them out, so be patient. Thanks.

GAY PRISONERS & 'PROTECTIVE CUSTODY'

Legal issues & cases around how to get in and out of PC and other ISOLATION situations: write to GCN for 'Prisons Within Prisons' and we'll send it to you. (FREE!) (smile)

WHY ARE GAY/LESBIAN PRISONERS SO HARD ON EACH OTHER?

We know guards etc. are hard on us (they're scared of losing control), and we know strait prisoners are too (they're scared of admitting how good relationships with other men/women can be); but WHY are gay/lesbian prisoners so often unwilling to be friends/lovers with EACH OTHER???? Mike would like to do a piece on this and needs some help. Let me hear from you (y'all). Thanks.



3/4 stud horse seeking any bi-m, TVs or TSs for whatever? Charley WICKIZER, Box 900, 158820, Jefferson City MO 65102

Very shy and lonely Black man looking for someone to write. If you can find someone I would appreciate that very much. Thank you. Keith HENDRICKS, 13661, Box 41, Michigan City IN 46360.

It's about time we got together and helped the gay kids to "be themselves"! I'm doing time because the law doesn't allow them to make their own decisions (like women used to be). I enjoy writing, reading and sports and would like to find a penpal. In our efforts to grow we all need a helping hand. Stephen SIMMONS, 86A 3979, Box 367, Dannemora NY 12929.



Very aggressive, very dominant Lesbian seeking correspondence with others. No games please. My hobbies are many and include long walks, reading and listening to music for relaxation and mellowing out. Can correspond with all: inside and out. No males, please. C.J. "Lizard" MCGREGOR, PO Box 7007, Carson City NV 89702

HELP!

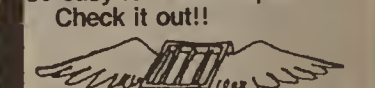
On the 26th of Jan. other prisoners who were fairly new were allowed to clean up our wing and by accident threw away our mail bag (which is a regular brown grocery bag that we all use as trash bags too). I may have received mail on that day along with others here. Responses sent to Box 535, Jessup MD 20794 were lost for reasons beyond our control. If you wrote about then, please respond again and you will be answered. Linda Ringo, Box 535, Jessup MD 20794

I'm 24. My interests are softball, hiking, camping and unicorns. Enjoy working with the elderly. I'd like to start writing someone and get to know each other. I also write poetry and draw. Cindy L. SHAW, 865208, IWP 1-1, 401 N. Randolph, Indianapolis, IN 46201.

I'm interested in a gay woman for a penpal who is interested in a gay agressa like myself. Someone outside prison please. I don't have a job or income so please send SASE. Frances HASKINS, 4756, Box 180, Muncy PA 17756.

**NOTE TO PRISONER READERS**

The book review of *The Pink Triangle* in this issue makes some very important points about prisoners and how their fighting with each other makes it so easy for their keepers. Check it out!!



Black gay & lesbian prisoners! A new publication called BLACK/OUT is looking for your artwork & letters. Let them hear from you. They can't answer all the letters they get so don't expect responses, but they very much want to hear from you. Send to: Joseph Beam, PO Box 2314, Philadelphia PA 19103.



Very FREAKY person looking for a friend to correspond with, Frank PITT. MAN, EF-170442, E-1-2/2, Reidsville GA 30499.

Looking to write people in the free world. I'm fun-loving and real romantic. Like to sleep naked at all times. I'm a home type person honest basis. I'm unshockable and lonely for mail, also looking for a possible place to parole to so feel free to write. James O. PHILLIPS, 173510, PO Box 779, Marquette MI 49855.

25 yr old gay Black male, enjoy jogging, swimming, reading, writing (writes poetry), lover of nature, very romantic with very high sex drive, needs penpal. Tony EAST, 152147, Box 900, Jefferson City MO 65102

Gay jailhouse lawyer needs help putting together a parole plan (job and housing). Anyone interested please write D. Thunder BRUCE, 15516, 700 Conley Lake Rd, Deer Lodge MT 59722. [GCN note: Thunder has been very active in fighting the system for years now. Help if you can.]



26 yr old Black gay man, very shy and lonely, so if you can fine someone that I can write I would appreciate that very much. Keith HENDRICK, 13661, Box 41, Michigan City IN 46360

OHIO — lonely, seeking companion for long-lasting friendship. Please write. James K. BROWN, 192-073, Box 4571, Lima OH 45802

Please send me your packets on AIDS and TV/TS and here are a couple lines about me for a penpal: 26, like music, art and traveling and I will reply to all. Wallace MITCHELL, 120631, Box 788, Mansfield OH 44901.

To be truthful I am very lonely and need someone to correspond with. I am a butch seeking TSs and bisexuals. Juan PEREZ, 76A 1696, C-15-23, 135 State St, Auburn NY 13021

I'm an artist and enjoy painting, drawing and woodworking. I like the ocean, hiking and music. I'm 37 would like to meet someone 35 or older. Drew HOWARD, 312491, Box 16, Lovelady TX 75851.

**FEBRUARY IS LOVER'S MONTH**

For the month of February, GCN wants to help you send a message to those you love.

For a limited time, all personals have been reduced to \$2.00 per insert (for the first 4 lines only)

This offer is good only for personal ads. All other charges (box numbers, additional lines, etc.) remain the same.

ORGANIZATIONS**D.O.B**

Support organization for leabians, 1151 Mass Ave, Camb. OCBC. Raps every Tues, Thurs at 8pm. Special raps for 35+, parents, ynger women, baby boomers, singles, coming out, issues forum. All 8pm. Monthly events, outing club, library. Info: 661-3633. All women invited to paticipate. (V14.35)

BLACK AND WHITE MEN TOGETHER
Multiracial group for all people. Call (415) 431-1976 or write BWMT, suite 140, 580 Castro St. SF, CA, 94114. (V14.15)

LESBIANS

Are you lesbian, Bisexual or unsure? Looking for a group to go to? Come join us at BAGLY. Call Tony, 497-8282 (V14.32)

PROJECT TRUTH/FREE WILL

Info packet on police abuse of gay teens, and ways it can be stopped. 1 yr membership \$20. Info \$2 (for postage & printing) to: Project TRUTH/Free Will, PO Box 244, Paramus, NJ 07653-0244. (14.9)

MAN/BOY LOVE

A support group for intergenerational relationships. For more information send \$1 to: NAMBLA-GCNAID at 537 Jones ST. NO 8418, S.F. CA 94102 or PO Box 174, New York, New York 10018. (V15.23)

POSITION WANTED**APPRENTICESHIP??**

I am an intelligent, mechanically inclined, open, caring, holistic-minded male. I seek a position in the Boston area, with some pay — working w/my hands + tools. I have rebuilt all of my own bicycles. 10AM-9PM. 262-7320. Kenji.

SERVICES

TAX TAMER Expert income tax work at reasonable rates. Long or short forms, 6 years pro experience gay owned and operated. 436-2583. (39)

Cleaning for folks moving in/out. No job too big for trained professional cleaners! Call for free estimates, 623-3534. (30)

**PERSONAL HEALTH**

- General Medical Care
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- Private Medical Office
Confidential

ROBERT TAYLOR, MD

1755 Beacon Street, Brookline 232-1459

CALENDAR

February 14 to February 27

14 saturday

Jamaica Plain — Peacock Coffeehouse's 1st birthday. Performers include **Rob Krikorian**. First Church, 6 Eliot St. 8PM. \$4. Info: 522-2812.

Somerville — Folktree presents Holly Near, Teresa Trull and Linda Tillery in **concert**. Somerville Theater, Davis Sq. 5 & 9PM. \$14.50, \$16.50 day of show. Info: 641-1010.

Boston — Volunteers needed for the **Gay & Lesbian Hotline**. Application deadline 2/15. Women encouraged to apply. Info: Kenny, 542-5188.

Cambridge — Jennifer Justice tells stories of lesbian **romance & erotica**, "Lavendar Hearts 3." First Church, 11 Garden St. 9PM. \$6 advance, \$7 at door. Also Sunday, 7PM. Info: 776-4514.

Cambridge — "Single on Valentine's Night," discussion. DOB, Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass. Ave. 8PM. Info: Jean, 277-8150.

Boston — Black & White Men Together annual **Valentine's Ball & Auction**. Info: 426-5472.

15 sunday

Providence, R.I. — **Tea Dance** Social Fundraiser to benefit the Gay & Lesbian Helpline. Mirabar, 245 Allens Ave. 1-5PM. \$5. Info: 751-3322.

Watertown — **GLOW**, Gays and Lesbians of Watertown, monthly meeting. 7PM. Info: Rich, 926-5371, Janet, 489-2519.

Boston — The Ionian Society, a group for gay and lesbian people of Greek Heritage, will attend a Mardi Gras **Greek Dance**. 6PM. Info: 625-3172, or 894-8363.

Cambridge — YWCA benefit **Evening Ball** for women: folkdances, waltzes, contras. 7 Temple St. 7-10PM. Workshop: 3-5PM.

Cambridge — Lesbian Neighbors **potluck brunch**. Bring a friend. All welcome. Noon. Info: 492-4044.

17 tuesday

Boston — "Fifth of July," by Lanford Wilson. Boston Univ. Theater, 264 Huntington Ave. \$5-\$6, \$3 for students and senior citizens. Info: 266-3913.

Boston — New England Gay and Lesbian **Veterans** monthly meeting. Hill House, 74 Joy St. Info: David, 262-9793.

Cambridge — WITCH Feminist Lecture Series presents "Nazi Germany: The Politics of Its Social Relevance for Feminists," with Amy Elman. Harvard Divinity School, Brown Room, 45 Francis St. 8PM. Info: 491-3549.

Cambridge — "Lesbian Polygamy," discussion. DOB, Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass. Ave. 8PM. 661-3633.

Cambridge — **LEGACY drop-in**. Committee of Elders, Pearl St. 6-8PM. Info: Ann Maguire, 725-3485.

Boston — **Gay Fathers** of Greater Boston discussion, "Challenges to Gay Fathers." Info: 742-7897.

18 wednesday

Cambridge — Lesbians 50+ discuss "Nurturing vs Mothering in Lesbian Relationships." DOB, Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass. Ave. 8PM. Info: 661-3633.

Cambridge — **Feminist Discussion Group**. Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. 8-10PM. Info: 354-8807.



Pride open house, 26 thursday

Waltham — Support Committee for **Battered Women** is forming a weekly support group. Confidential location. 7-8PM. Info: 899-8676.

19 thursday

Boston — **GCN's** production night. All welcome. Proofreading: until 8PM. Paste-up: 8PM-on. 167 Tremont St., near Park & Boylston T-stops. **GCN**: 426-4469.

Cambridge — E. Ann Kaplan: "Melodrama, Mothering Theory, and Female Subjectivity in the **Woman's Film**." Boylston Auditorium, Harvard Yard. 4PM. Info: Marcia Deihl, 495-9199.

Dorchester — **GALA** monthly meeting. Joe's. 7:30PM. Info: 282-7822.

Cambridge — **Incest Survivors'** discussion group. Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. 7:30PM. Info: 354-8807.

20 friday

Boston — **GCN's** volunteer night: all welcome to help mail the paper to our subscribers. Refreshments, good times. Anytime after 6PM. 167 Tremont St., near Park & Boylston T-stops. **GCN**: 426-4469.

Cambridge — Angry Arts presents First Oliver North Film Festival **State of Siege**, and **Three Days of the Condor**. YWCA, Central Sq. 7:30PM. \$3 donation. Also Sat. & Sun. Info: 547-7925.

Dorchester — **Women of the Calabash** dance performance, with guest artists Art of Black Dance and Music. The Strand Theater. 8PM. \$10.

Cambridge — DOB lesbian reading group discusses *West With the Wind*, by Berly Markham. Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass. Ave. 8PM. Info: 661-3633.

Cambridge — Women's **Coffeehouse**. The Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. 8-12PM.

21 saturday

Brookline — Join Am Tikva for "Game and Social Nite." Bring **board games** and "Nosherei." Workmen's Circle, 1762 Beacon St. 8PM. Info: 782-8894.

Cambridge — **Amethyst Women** game and dance night. Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1150 Mass. Ave. 8PM. \$4, sliding scale. Free childcare, drug- and alcohol-free event.

Boston — Beantown **Softball** League Snowflake Tourney to benefit the AIDS Action Committee. \$50 team entrance fee. Info: Jeffry Pike, 666-4283, Kevin David, 331-8251. Registration deadline: February 16.

Cambridge — DOB Wild Women **ice skate**. Meet at Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass. Ave. 10AM. Info: Marny, 625-7702.

22 sunday

Cambridge — Neighborhood **GALA potluck supper**. 6PM. All welcome. Info: Larry, 776-2927, or Kathryn, 661-6896.



Black Widow, see review column

Jamaica Plain — Lesbian and Gay **Neighbors brunch**. Doyle's Cafe, Washington St. 11AM. Info: 522-6253. Newcomers welcome.

Boston — Monday Nite Bowling League presents "Camping Out for Your Benefit," a musical comedy **variety show** to benefit the AAC. Spit, Lansdowne St. \$10.

Cambridge — Victoria Byerly and Katie Cannnon read from *Hard Times Cotton Mill Girls: Personal Histories of Womanhood and Poverty in the South*. New Words Bookstore, 186 Hampshire St. 3-5PM. Free. Info: 876-5310.

24 tuesday

Cambridge — "Bloodroot: Brewing Visions, Our Experience with Stamina and Friendship," a presentation by the **Bloodroot Collective**. Sponsored by WITCH 1987 Feminist Lecture Series. 8PM. Info: 491-3549.

25 wednesday

Cambridge — **Boston Bisexual Men's** Network general meeting. Old Cambridge Baptist Church. Mass. Ave., Harvard Sq., enter through side door. 7:30PM. Info: 247-6683.

Cambridge — Radcliffe Career Services sponsor a panel on "Workplace Issues for Lesbians." Cronkhite Graduate Center, 6 Ash St. 5:30-8PM. \$15, prepaid registration. Info: 495-8631.

Cambridge — **Lesbian Al-Anon**. The Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. Childcare provided. 6:30-8PM. Info: 354-8807.

26 thursday

Boston — Lesbian & Gay **Pride Committee** open house. 34 Edgerly Rd. 7:30PM. Info: 267-2113.

Cambridge — **Lesbian Liberation**. The Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. 8-10PM. Info: 354-8807.

Amherst — UMass Program for Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Concerns presents activist and author **George Lakey**. Memorial Hall, UMass. 7PM. Info: 545-4824.

Cambridge — Tamara Jenkins performs "Waiting," and exploration of **servitude**. Brattle Theater, Harvard Sq. 8PM. \$7.50.

27 friday

Cambridge — **LEGACY potluck**. Committee of Elders, Pearl St. 7PM. Info: Ann Maguire, 725-3485.

Brookline — Lesbian and Gay Neighbors of Jamaica Plain **ice skating**. Lars Anderson Park Skating Rink. 7-9PM. Info: 522-9513.

Cambridge — **Dance Art** Company in concert with guest artist Mary Lee Karlins. Joy of Movement Theater, 536 Mass. Ave., Central Sq. 8PM. \$7. Info: 899-9348.

Amherst — The UMass. Program for Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Concerns presents **Ten Percent Revue**. UMass. OpenNote Coffeehouse. 8PM. \$3-5 donation. Info: 545-4824.

Black Widow. Directed by Bob Rafelson. Starring Debra Winger, Theresa Russell, Sami Frey, Dennis Hopper and Nicol Williamson. At the USA Cheri, Boston, and local theaters.

It seems the mainstream is going to be tuning in to lesbian undertones in Bob Rafelson's newly released movie *Black Widow*.

Debra Winger plays Alex Barnes, a dissatisfied (in more ways than one) Justice Department employee, who has spent six years glued to her computer terminal in the same green-windowed office. Her boss (Dennis Hopper) and her male co-workers all want to take her away from the drudgery of government work and show her how happy she would be if she had a man to take care of her, but she'll have none of that.

Meanwhile, Theresa Russell, who assumes a number of different identities in the course of the film (Catherine is her real name), is making her way across the country, marrying wealthy older men and killing them after two or three months of wedded bliss (to inherit their fortunes, of course). It was her profession, she tells Alex later in the film, her way of getting rich.

Back in Washington, Alex discovers a pattern linking the deaths of two men. Both died of a rare physiological disorder which causes the cessation of breathing during sleep, and both had only been married for two months. Alex procures photographs of the two widows involved and decides they are definitely one and the same woman.

The film gathers momentum as Alex takes off for Hawaii after Catherine, the Black Widow (a reference to the Black Widow spider which kills its mate after intercourse). She changes her name and casually befriends Catherine in a scuba diving class where a mutual fascination develops between the two. In a scene where they practice CPR on each other I'm sure every dyke in the audience was squirming in her chair, mentally willing them to do something about the sexual tension in the air.

Unfortunately, they never do. But the combination of the physical attraction between the two women and the perceived danger of the situation for both of them (both know that the other knows who she really is) is enough to keep the audience on the edge of their seats.

Director Rafelson opts for a confusing, unsatisfying ending that leaves a lot of loose ends and fill in your own blanks. Still the complexity of the relationship between the two women is intriguing. Definitely worth the price of the ticket.

— Ann Fry

Boston Film Fests

Film house variety is alive and well in the Boston area: both the megamovie company, USA Cinemas, and the one-screen repertory house, Somerville Theater, will produce festivals in March to catch the eyes, and dollars, of lesbians and gay men.

The Boston premiere of *Rate It X* will kick off the Somerville March 1 - 5 series. Other porn-question films (*Variety*, *Not a Love Story*), and dyke films (*Desert Hearts*, *Lianna*, etc.) will be joined by some Hellman classics, and the works of Von Trotta, Dorrie, Cukor and Fassbinder, of all people. Call the theater for details.

March 27 - April 9 are the dates set for USA's gay and lesbian festival at the Nickelodeon. The programming isn't firm yet, but there are rumors that we'll get to see Linda Hunt playing Alice B. Toklas in *Waiting for the Moon*. Contracts for *Mala Noche*, *Working Girls*, *Hell without Limits* and *L'Homme Blesse* are apparently in the works. Looks like Boston's late winter won't be as dreary as usual. Stayed tuned for specific schedules.

— Loie Hayes

Calendar compiled by Terri L. Rutter

GayCommunity News

An Evening of Lesbian & Gay Entertainment To Benefit Gay Community News

Music, storytelling,
poetry, comedy,
& a special showing of
An Intelligent Intercourse
(A Tongue-in-Cheek
Look at Sodomy)
by Samdperil Audio-Visual

United Fruit Company
Jennifer Justice
Kate Rushin
Tony Parker
Rob & Jay

LE GAY CABARET!



**Saturday, March 14,
7:30 p.m., Palne Hall, Harvard
(behind Science Center)
Prices: \$10 contributing,
\$7 regular, \$5 low income**

**ASL Interpreted
for the hearing Impaired.
Wheelchair accessible.
Childcare by reservation only:
Please call 523-3772 by March 9.**

**Limited seating will be available at the door. Advance tickets may be purchased at:
New Words Bookstore or Bodyworks Gym (Cambridge) • Red Book or Arborway Video
(Jamaica Plain) • Glad Day Bookshop or the GCN office (downtown). Tickets are also
available by mail from: GCN Tickets, 167 Tremont Street, Boston MA 02111.**

SPECIAL RAFFLE DRAWING THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE!

for more information call 426-4469